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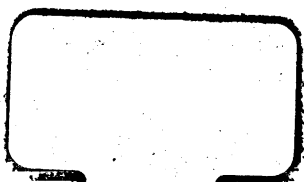
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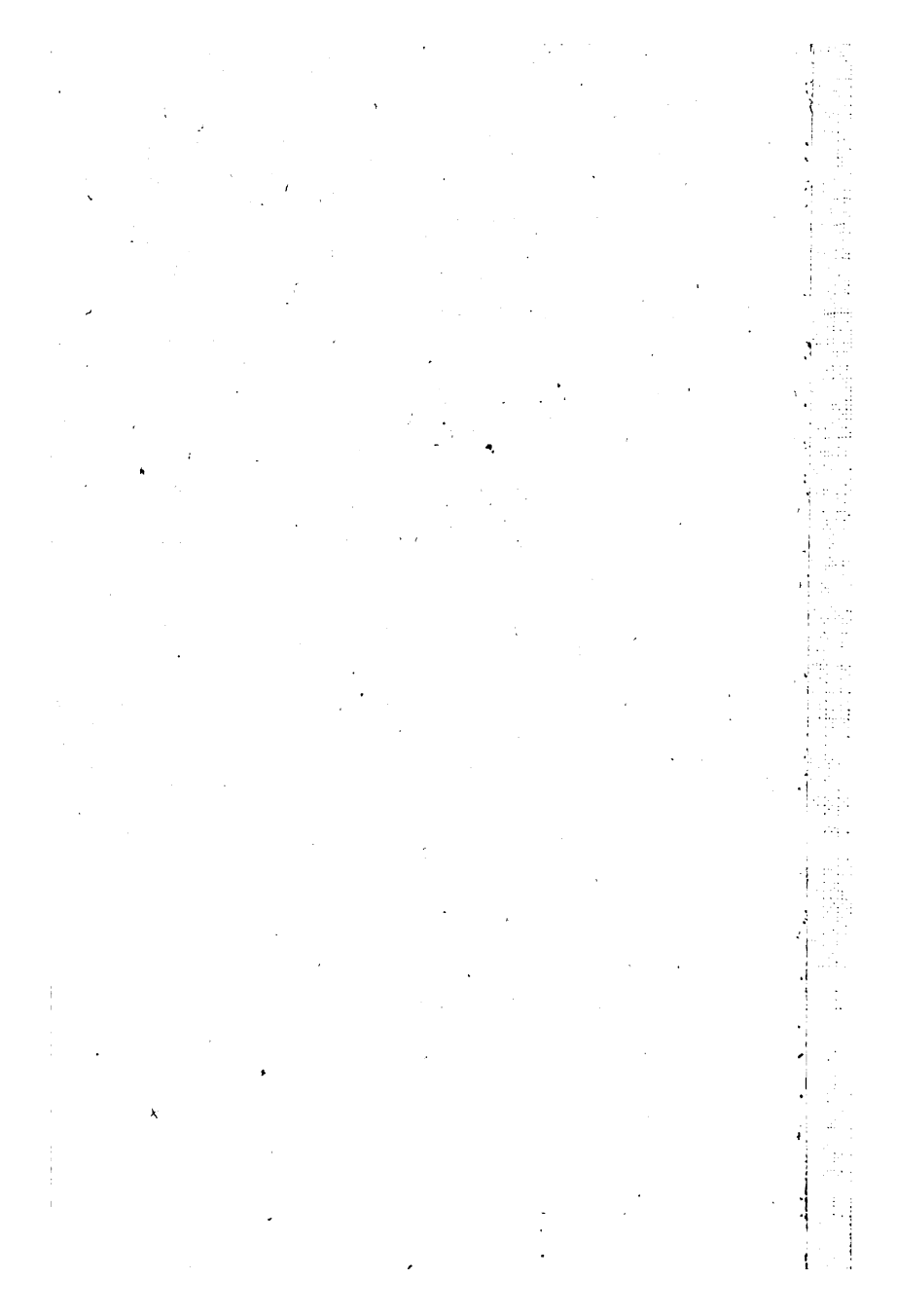
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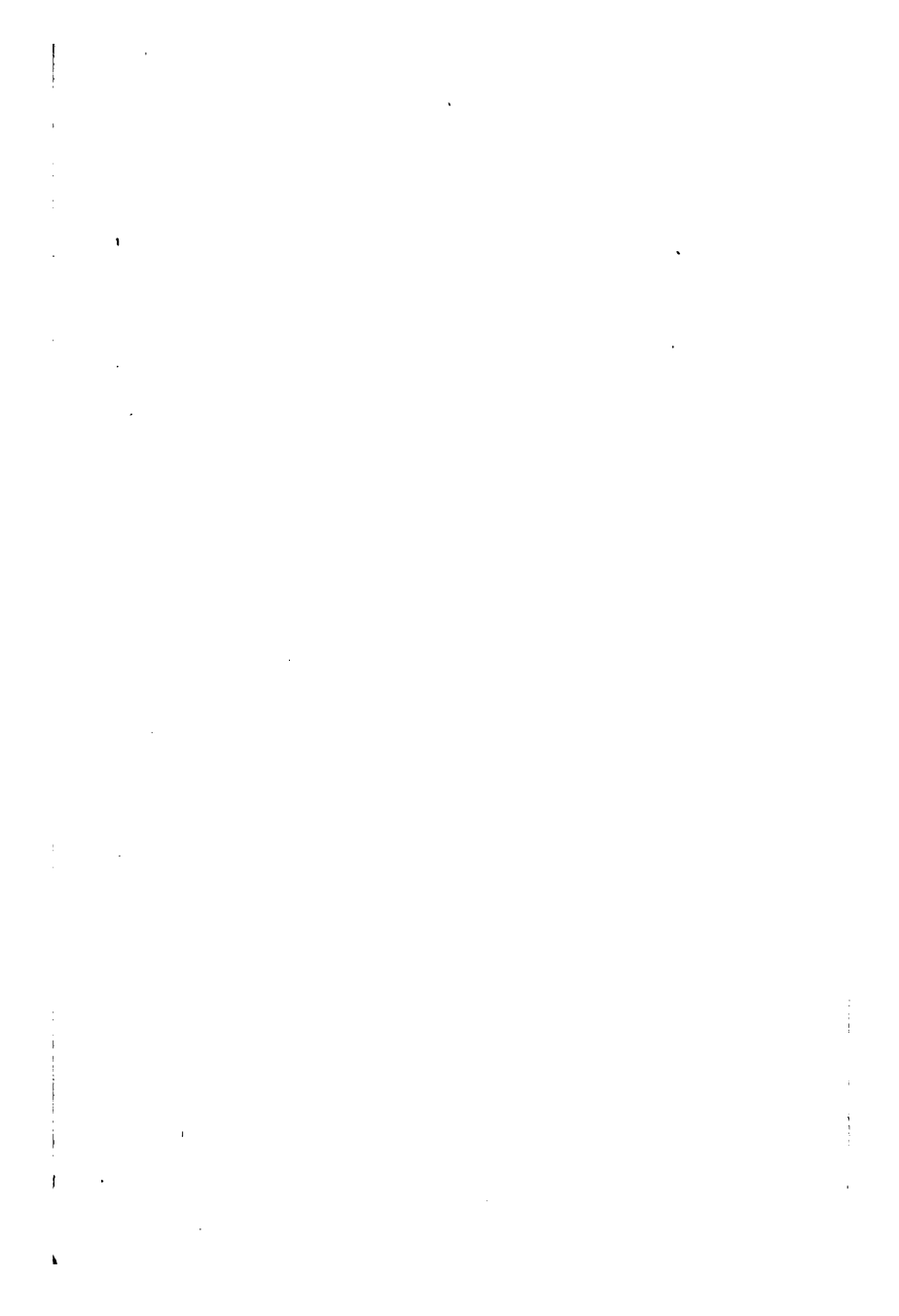
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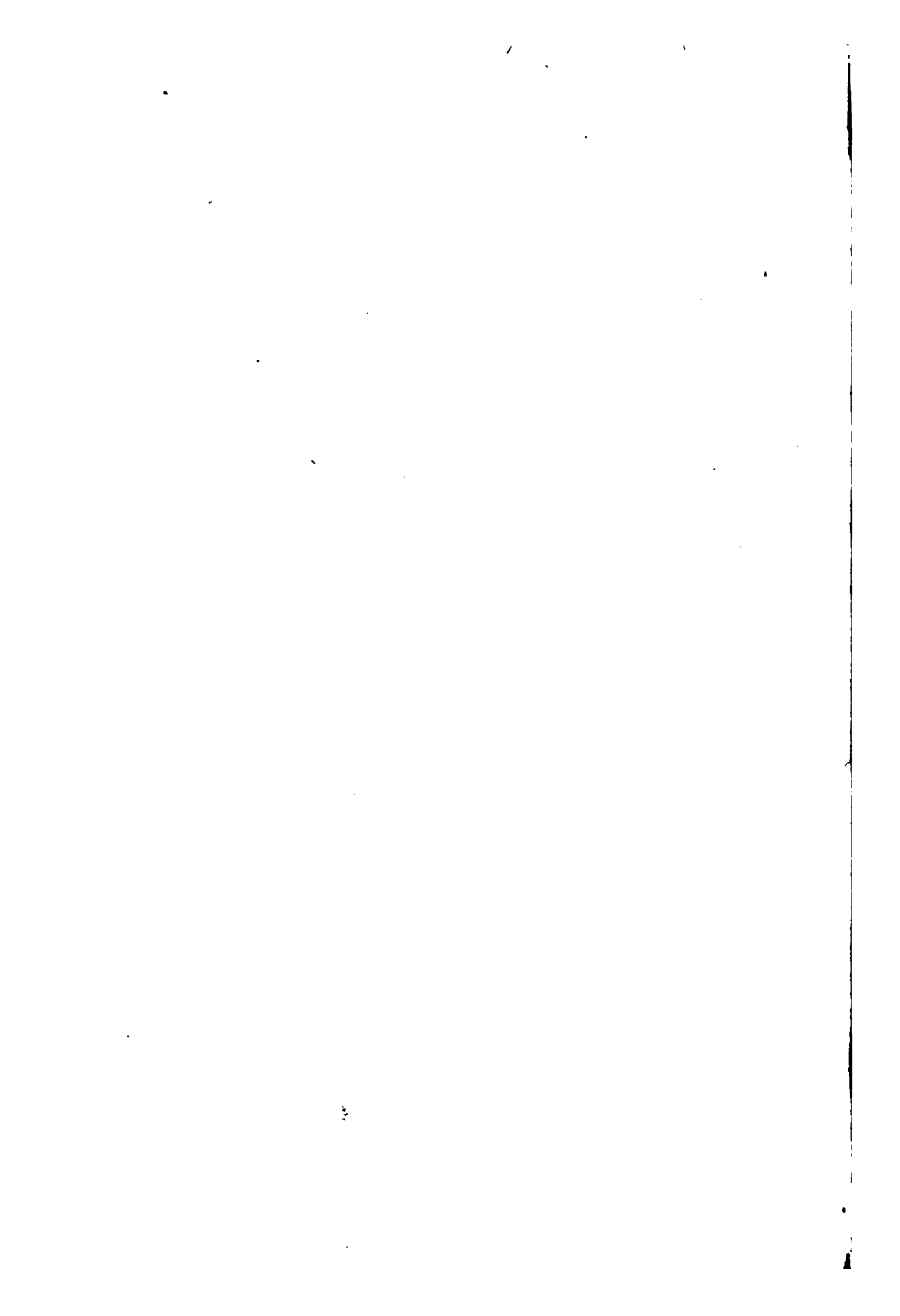
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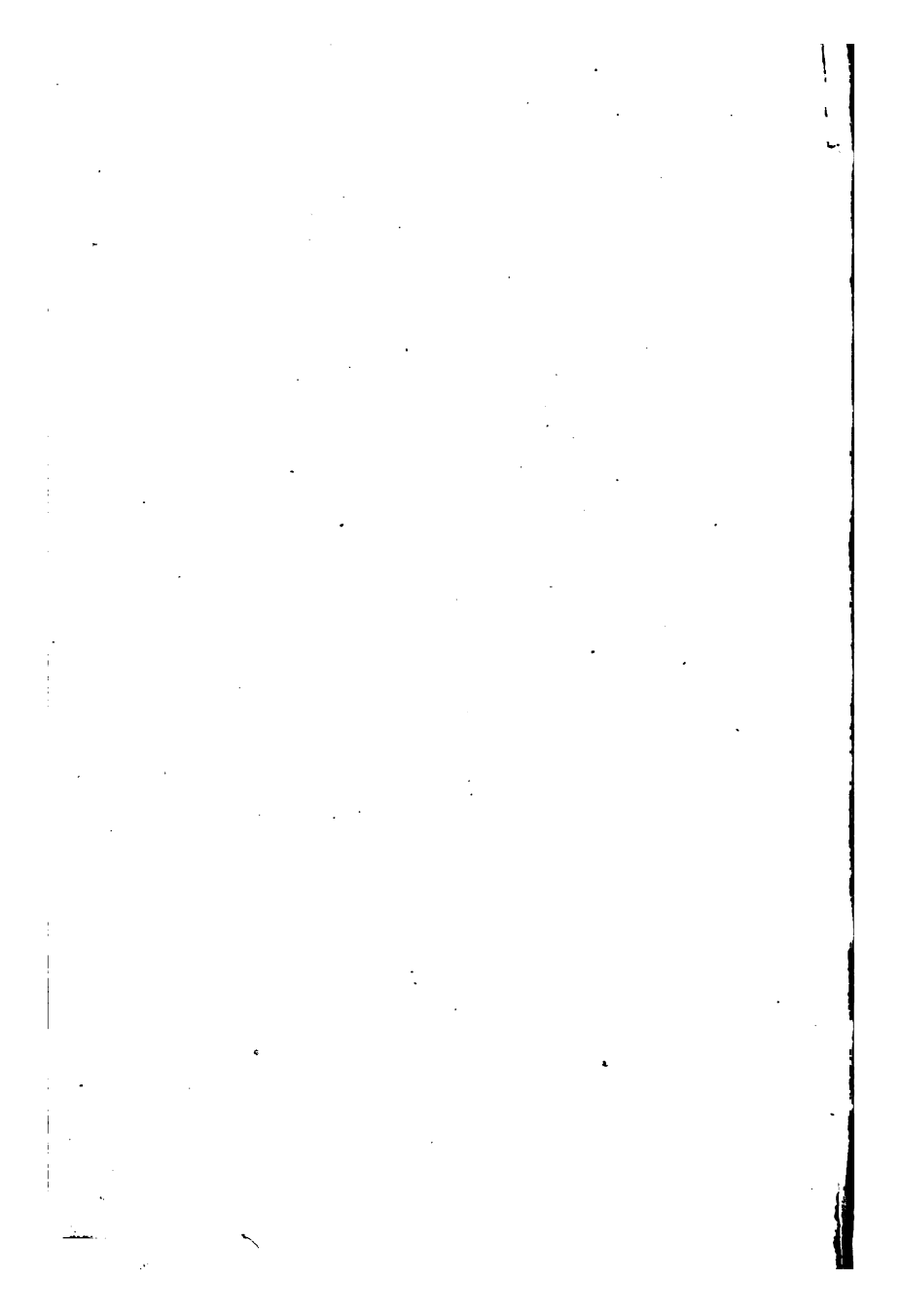
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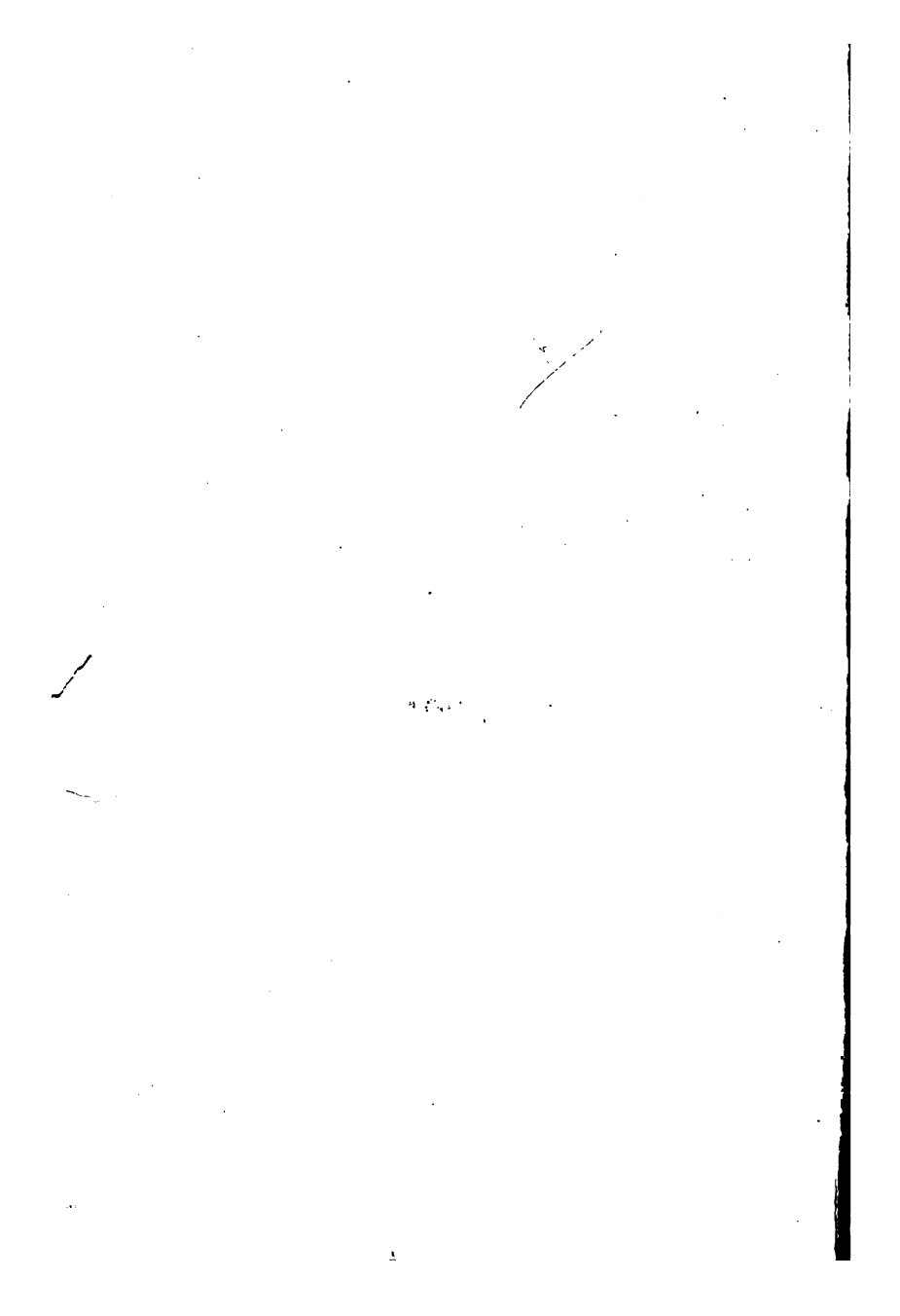






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PIECES TO SPEAK

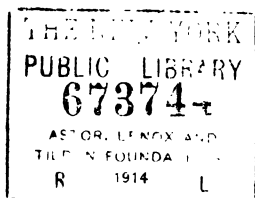
A COLLECTION OF DECLAMATIONS AND DIALOGUES
FOR SCHOOL AND HOME, WITH HELPFUL
NOTES AS TO DELIVERY

BY
HARLAN H. BALLARD



SYRACUSE, N. Y.
C. W. BARDEEN, PUBLISHER
1897

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BALLARD'S "PIECES TO SPEAK."

INTRODUCTION.

This collection is made upon homœopathic principles. The number of "Speakers" now published is enormous. There are often a hundred selections in one book. Yet the boys usually find only about half a dozen available pieces in any of them. It is believed that every selection in this envelope will be *used*.

The advantages of this method of publication over the book form are apparent:

1. There is no padding.
2. The teacher can help a scholar to a "piece to speak" without a toilsome search through dreary volumes; without the necessity of cutting long pieces down, or the risk of loaning valued books to careless fingers.
3. Scholars can club together, and thus get a great variety of pieces at trifling cost.
4. In the case of dialogues, the cards, or leaflets, will be duplicated, so that each speaker can have the whole text without the expense of buying a book, or the labor of copying.

GENERAL HINTS ON DELIVERY.

The first thing which a speaker must learn to do is to make his audience think as he thinks.

The second thing is to make them feel as he feels.

The last thing is to make them do as he wishes.

We will consider only the first two; for, when orators wish to make their hearers do anything, they speak so directly from their own hearts that they have no necessity of learning a "piece to speak."

The most that you can hope to do at present is to make your hearers understand what you say, and feel as you feel.

In order to make it possible for any one to understand what you say, you must speak loud enough to be heard, distinctly enough to make hearing easy, and slowly enough to let the thoughts have time to take root in the mind.

In order to make it *necessary* for any one to understand what you say, you must understand it yourself; you must speak loud enough, and distinctly enough, and slowly enough, to compel attention; and you must so emphasize and dwell upon the principal words that no one can help catching them.

If a word is essential to the meaning of a passage, you must force that word upon the attention of your audience in some way: by a long pause before and after it—by great stress of voice—by a gesture—by repeating it—or in *some* way—even if you have to paint it on a banner and wave it before their eyes.

In studying a piece, therefore, you must always determine for yourself what are the most important words.

In the second place, in order to make your audience feel what you feel, you must first feel something. Study your piece till you fairly enter into the spirit of it. Forget yourself—imagine yourself the speaker—at the head of an army—in the Senate-chamber—in the ~~sad~~ ~~home~~—no matter where. Imagine your audience to be persons to whom it is important that you should say something, and then say it to them. Talk with them as if you meant it. Do not merely recite lines which you have learned.

Understand precisely what you wish to say—feel deeply what there is to feel; then, by speaking clearly, slowly, distinctly, earnestly, compel your hearers to think as you think, and to feel as you feel.

If the words are spirited, try to make your school-fellows look ready for action; if the words are humorous, try to make them laugh; if pathetic, try to make them feel like weeping.

Practice thus on your mates at school, and by and by you will be able to influence men to think, feel, and act under the influence of your words.

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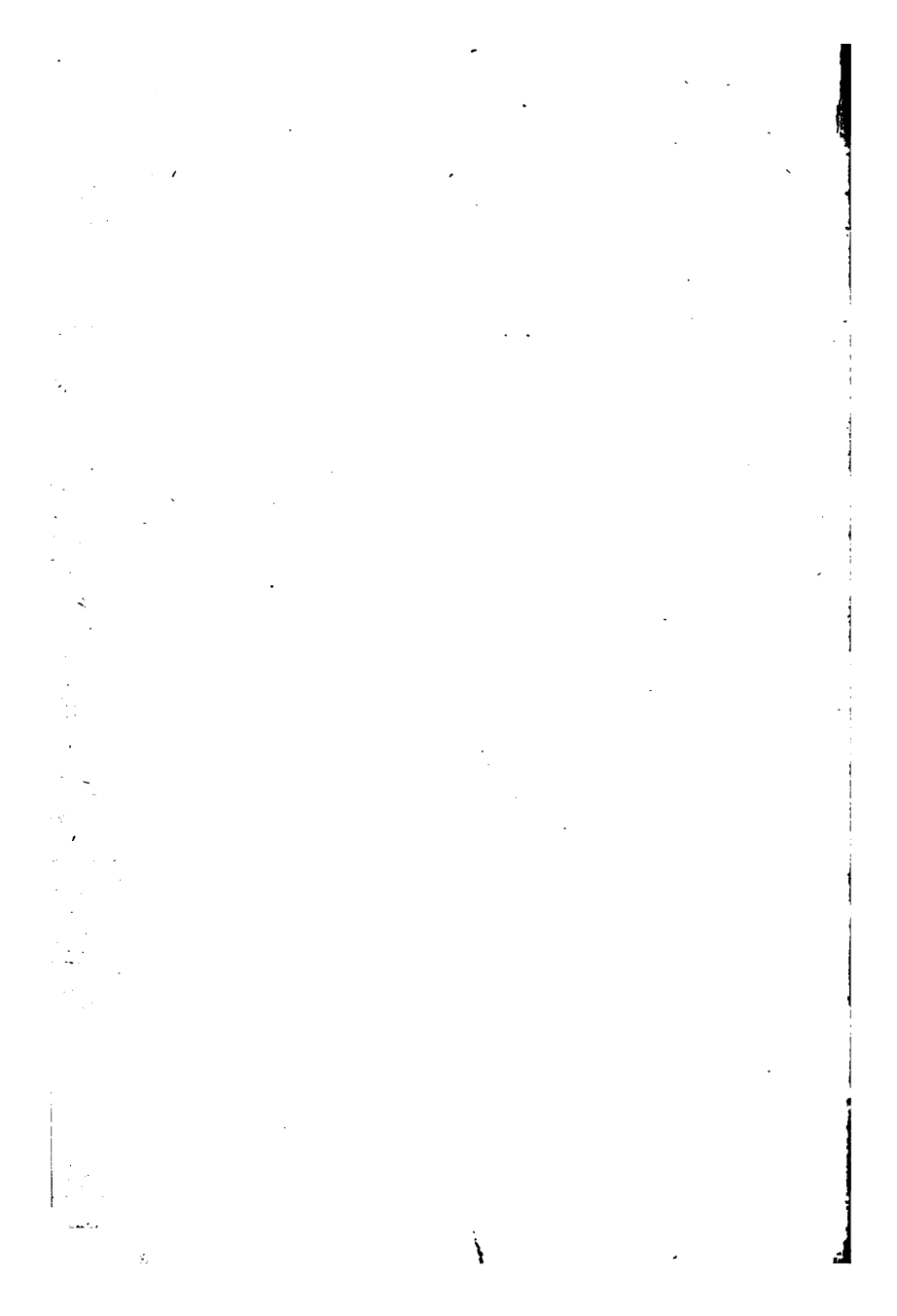
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PIECES TO SPEAK

[A]

THE PETRIFIED FERN.

M. B. BRANCH.

In a valley, centuries ago,
Grew a little fern-leaf, green and slender,
Veining delicate and fibers tender;
Waving when the wind crept down so low;
Rushes tall, and moss, and grass grew round it,
Playful sunbeams darted in and found it,
Drops of dew stole in by night, and crowned it,
But no foot of man e'er trod that way.
Earth was young and keeping holiday.

Monster fishes swam the silent main,
Stately forests waved their giant branches,
Mountains hurled their snowy avalanches,
Mammoth creatures stalked across the plain;
Nature reveled in grand mysteries;
But the little fern was not of these,
Did not number with the hills and trees,
Only grew and waved its wild sweet way,
No one came to note it day by day.

Earth, one time, put on a frolic mood,
Heaved the rocks and changed the mighty motion
Of the deep, strong currents of the ocean;
Moved the plain and shook the haughty wood,
Crushed the little fern in soft, moist clay,
Covered it, and hid it safe away.
Oh, the long, long centuries since that day!
Oh, the agony, oh, life's bitter cost,
Since that useless little fern was lost!

Useless! Lost! There came a thoughtful man
Searching Nature's secrets far and deep;
From a fissure in a rocky steep
He withdrew a stone, o'er which there ran,
Fairy pencilings, a quaint design,
Veinings, leafage, fibers clear and fine,
And the fern's life lay in every line!
So, I think, God hides some souls away,
Sweetly to surprise us the last day.

It is the purpose of this poem to compare the life of a little fern-leaf with a human life. No one noticed the fern while it grew—no one knew when it died. It seemed as if it had lived in vain. But, after hundreds of years, it was brought into view by a learned man, and helped him in his studies. So some people who live quiet lives and attract no attention may be found, by and by, to have done much more good, and to have earned a far higher reward, than we had supposed possible.

The most emphatic word in the first two lines is "fern-leaf." The lines should be spoken so as to make the "fern-leaf" stand out plainly to the mind's eye. The voice should fall on the word "low" at the end of line four. The next three lines all end with a rising inflection, and the voice falls again on "way." There is here a contrast between rushes, moss, grass, sunbeams, and dew, on one side, and "foot of man" on the other. The first two verses should be spoken simply and naturally; on the last two the earnestness of the manner should gradually increase.

[B]

THE WAR INEVITABLE—MARCH, 1775.

PATRICK HENRY.

THEY tell us, sir, that we are weak—unable to cope with so formidable an adversary. But when shall we be stronger? Will it be the next week, or the next year? Will it be when we are totally disarmed, and when a British guard shall be stationed in every house? Shall we gather strength by irresolution and inaction? Shall we acquire the means of effectual resistance by lying supinely on our backs, and hugging the delusive phantom of hope until our enemies shall have bound us hand and foot? Sir, we are not weak if we make a proper use of those means which the God of nature hath placed in our power.

Three millions of people, armed in the holy cause of liberty, and in such a country as that which we possess, are invincible by any force which our enemy can send against us. Besides, sir, we shall not fight our battles alone. There is a just God who presides over the destinies of nations, and who will raise up friends to fight our battles for us. The battle, sir, is not to the strong alone; it is to the vigilant, the active, the brave. Besides, sir, we have no election. If we were base enough to desire it, it is now too late to retire from the contest. There is no retreat but in submission and slavery! Our chains are forged! Their clanking may be heard on the plains of Boston! The war is inevitable, and let it come! I repeat it, sir, let it come!

It is in vain, sir, to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry, "Peace! peace!" but there is no peace. The war is actually begun! The next gale that sweeps from the North will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms! Our brethren are already in the field! Why stand we here idle? What is it that gentlemen wish? What would they have? Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take; but as for me, give me liberty, or give me death!

THIS is part of a speech which has become very famous. It was spoken by Patrick Henry, with the purpose of persuading his countrymen that war with England could no longer be avoided. "Cope" means "fight successfully." "Supinely" here means "lazily." "Vigilant" = watchful. "Election" here means choice. When he exclaims, "Our chains are forged," he means to say that England's purpose to treat us as slaves is already formed. "Extenuate" here means to make light of.

The first section contains a series of questions which the orator feels certain can be answered in only one way; when he says, "When shall we be stronger?" he knows that the answer must be—"Never!" The questions should be asked with increasing strength, and the climax is reached at the word "not" in the last sentence, which should be delivered with great power.

The last section contains a similar series of "questions of appeal," and the climax is reached in the concluding sentences. Care should be taken to make the whole piece strong, without being overstrained.

[C]

RESOLUTION.

If you've any task to do,
Let me whisper, friend, to you,

Do it.

If you've anything to say,
True and needed, yea or nay,

Say it.

If you've anything to love,
As a blessing from above,

Love it.

If you've any thing to give,
That another's joy may live,

Give it.

If some hollow creed you doubt,
Though the whole world hoot and shout,

Doubt it.

If you know what torch to light,
Guiding others through the night,

Light it.

If you've any debt to pay,
Rest you neither night nor day,

Pay it.

If you've any joy to hold,
Next your heart, lest it get cold,

Hold it.

If you've any grief to meet,
At the loving Father's feet,

Meet it.

If you're given light to see
What a child of God should be,

See it.

Whether life be bright or drear,
There's a message sweet and clear
Whispered down to every ear—

Hear it.

SCARCELY any explanation of the meaning of this selection is necessary. In the second verse "true and needed, yea or nay," means that we should not be afraid to speak the truth boldly whatever it may be, and that we should be ready to say yes or no plainly when the time demands it.

In the fourth verse, "live" means last or continue. In the next verse, "hollow creed" means "something which is commonly believed to be true without good reason."

The emphatic words are indicated by the italics, but care must be had lest all the verses be pronounced so much alike as to become monotonous. Be careful in the verse next to the last to take breath after the word "light," and not after "see." "If you're given light—to see what a child," etc.

[D]

THE NATIONAL ENSIGN.

REV. A. P. PUTNAM.

WHAT precious associations cluster around our flag! Not alone have our fathers set up this banner in the name of God over the well-won battlefields of the Revolution, and over the cities and towns which they rescued from despotic rule; but think where also their descendants have carried it, and raised it in conquest or protection! Through what clouds of dust and smoke has it passed—what storms of shot or shell—what scenes of fire and blood! Not alone at Saratoga, at Monmouth, and at Yorktown; but at Lundy's Lane and New Orleans, at Buena Vista and Chapultepec. It is the same glorious old flag which, inscribed with the dying words of Lawrence—"Don't give up the ship!"—was hoisted on Lake Erie by Commodore Perry just on the eve of his great naval victory—the same old flag which our great chieftain bore in triumph to the proud city of the Aztecs, and planted upon the heights of her national palace. Brave hands raised it above the eternal regions of ice in the Arctic seas, and have set it up on the summits of the lofty mountains in the distant West. Where has it not gone, the pride of its friends and the terror of its foes? What countries and what seas has it not visited? Where has not the American citizen been able to stand beneath its guardian folds and defy the world? With what joy and exultation seamen and tourists have gazed upon its stars and stripes, read in it the history of their nation's glory, received from it the full sense of security, and drawn from it the inspirations of patriotism! By it, how many have sworn fealty to their country!

What bursts of magnificent eloquence it has called forth from Webster and from Everett! What lyric strains of poetry from Drake and Holmes! How many heroes its folds have covered in death! How many have lived for it, and how many have died for it! Wherever that flag has gone, it has been a herald of a better day—it has been the pledge of freedom, of justice, of order, of civilization, and of Christianity. Tyrants only have hated it, and the enemies of mankind alone have trampled it to the earth. All who sigh for the triumph of truth and righteousness love and salute it.

THE author mentions five reasons which render our flag precious :

1. Our fathers set it up prayerfully.
2. Our soldiers have defended it bravely.
3. It has protected our citizens abroad.
4. It has inspired great orators.
5. It has inspired poets.

Before speaking the piece, study up the battles alluded to. Learn the story of Perry. What was the "proud city of the Aztecs"? Who carried the flag to the Arctic Ocean?

It is impossible to speak a piece well without clearly understanding it.

This declamation should be given with great animation.

It rises to a climax, and the earnestness of voice and gesture should therefore gradually increase from beginning to end.

Remember to pronounce every syllable distinctly. Say "mag-nif-i-cent"—not magnifunt.

{E}

PALESTINE.

WHITTIER.

BLEST land of Judea! thrice hallowed of song,
Where the holiest of memories, pilgrim-like, throng
In the shade of thy palms, by the shores of thy sea,
On the hills of thy beauty—my heart is with thee.
With the eye of a spirit I look on that shore,
Where pilgrim and prophet have lingered before;
With the glide of a spirit I traverse the sod
Made bright by the steps of the angels of God.

Blue sea of the hills! in my spirit I hear
Thy waters, Gennesaret, chime on my ear;
Where the Lowly and Just with the people sat down,
And thy spray on the dust of his sandals was thrown.
Beyond are Bethulia's mountains of green,
And the desolate hills of the wild Gadarene;
And I pause on the goat-crag of Tabor to see
The gleam of thy waters, O dark Galilee!

I tread where the TWELVE in their wayfaring trod;
I stand where they stood with the CHOSEN of God;
Where his blessing was heard, and his lessons were taught;
Where the blind were restored, and the healing was wrought.

But wherefore this dream of the earthly abode
Of Humanity clothed in the brightness of God!
Were my spirit but turned from the outward and dim,
It could gaze, even now, on the presence of him!
Not in clouds and in terrors, but gentle as when
In love and in meekness he moved among men;
And the voice which breathed peace to the waves of the sea,
In the hush of my spirit, would whisper to me.

THERE is danger, in speaking this piece, of falling into a sing-song tone of voice. Be especially careful not to pause at the end of a line, unless the sense requires it. For example, in the second line, say, "Where the holiest of memories, pilgrim-like—throng in the shade of thy palms," etc.; not, "Where the holiest of memories pilgrim-like throng," etc.

In the first verse our memories are beautifully spoken of as pilgrims reverently thronging back to the hallowed scenes of our Lord's life.

In the last verse "earthly abode" is contrasted with "presence of him," and these words should receive special emphasis.

Study the meaning of the selection thoroughly before committing it to memory.

[F]

DOT BABY OFF MINE.

CHARLES F. ADAMS.

MINE cracious! Mine cracious! shust look here und see
 A Deutscher so habby as habby can pe.
 Der beoples all dink dat no prains I haf got,
 Vas grazy mit trinking, or someding like dot;
 Id vasn't because I trinks lager und vine,
 Id vas all on aggount off dot baby off mine.

Dot schmall leedle yellow I dells you vas qveer;
 Not mooch pigger roundt as a goot glass off beer,
 Mit a barefooted hed, and nose but a schpeck,
 A mout dot goes most to der pack off his neck,
 Und his leedle pink toes mid der rest all combine
 To gife sooch a charm to dot baby off mine.

I dells you dot baby vas von off der poys,
 Und beats leedle Yawcop for making a noise;
 He shust has pecun to shbeak goot English, too,
 Says "mama," und "bapa," und somedimes "ah—goo!"
 You don'd find a baby den dimes out off nine
 Dot vos qvite so schmart as dot baby off mine.

He grawls der vloer ofer, und drows dings aboutt,
 Und poots efrydng he can find in his mout;
 He dumbles der shtairs down, und falls vrom his chair,
 Und gifes mine Katrina von derrible schkare;
 Mine hair shtands like shquills on a mat borcubine
 Ven I dinks off dose pranks off dot baby off mine.

Dere vas someding, you pet, I don'd likes pooty vell;
 To hear in der nighdt-dimes dot young Deutscher yell,
 Und dravel der ped-room midout many clo'es
 While der chills down der shpine off mine pack quickly goes;
 Dose leedle shimnasdic dricks vasn't so fine,
 Dot I euts oop at nighdt mit dot baby off mine.

Vell, dese leedle schafers vas goin' to pe men,
 Und all off dese droubles vill pe ofer den;
 Dey vill vare a white shirt-vront inshted off a bib,
 Und wouldn't got tucked oop at nighdt in deir crib—
 Vell! vell! ven I'm feeple und in life's decline,
 May mine oldt age pe cheered py dot baby off mine!

THE peculiar German brogue is so successfully represented here by the spelling that there will be little difficulty in rendering it with good effect. "A Deutscher" = "a German." Der beoples = the people. Leedle = little. "Gife" = give—and must be pronounced "gif." Yawcop = Jacob. Pecun = begun. Mat borcubine = mad porcupine. Shimnasdic = gymnastic. Schafers = "shavers." Feeple = feeble.

The piece should be spoken in an off-hand, easy, good-natured, and rollicking manner.

[G]

EULOGIUM ON HENRY CLAY.

A. LINCOLN, 1852.

On the 4th day of July, 1776, the people of a few feeble and oppressed colonies of Great Britain, inhabiting a portion of the Atlantic coast of North America, publicly declared their national independence, and made their appeal to the justice of their cause, and to the God of battles, for the maintenance of that declaration. That people were few in numbers, and without resources, save only their wise heads and stout hearts. Within the first year of that declared independence, and while its maintenance was yet problematic—while the bloody struggle between those resolute rebels and their haughty would-be masters was still waging, of undistinguished parents, and in an obscure district of one of those colonies, Henry Clay was born. The infant nation and the infant child began the race together. For three quarters of a century they have traveled hand in hand. They have been companions ever. The nation has passed its peril, and is free, prosperous, and powerful. The child has reached his manhood, his middle age, his old age, and is dead. In all that has concerned the nation the man ever sympathized, and now the nation mourns for the man.

But do we realize that Henry Clay is dead? Who can realize that never again that majestic form shall rise in the council-chamber of his country, to beat back the storms of anarchy which may threaten, or pour the oil of peace upon the troubled billows, as they rage and menace around? Who can realize that the workings of that mighty mind have ceased—that the throbbings of that gallant heart are stilled—that the mighty sweep of that graceful arm will be felt no more, and the magic of that eloquent tongue, which spake as spake no other tongue besides, is hushed—hushed for ever? Who can realize that freedom's champion—the champion of a civilized world, and of all tongues and kindred and people—has indeed fallen? Alas! in those dark hours of peril and dread which our land has experienced, and which she may be called to experience again—to whom now may her people look up for that counsel and advice which only wisdom and experience and patriotism can give, and which only the undoubting confidence of a nation will receive?

But Henry Clay is dead. His long and eventful life is closed. Our country is prosperous and powerful; but could it have been quite all it has been, and is, and is to be, without Henry Clay? Such a man the times have demanded, and such, in the Providence of God, was given us. But, although his form is lifeless, his name will live and be loved and venerated in both hemispheres. For it is—

“One of the few, the immortal names,
That were not born to die.”

EULOGIUMS are speeches made with the purpose of praising some one. They may be written while the person to be praised is living, or after he is dead.

"Problematic" means uncertain. By "storms of anarchy" we are to understand the threatenings of bad men to overthrow the government. This expression and the next one, "Pour the oil of peace on the troubled billows," are examples of a figure of speech called metaphor. Instead of saying that the rebellious words and conduct of wicked men are *like* angry billows, Mr. Lincoln speaks of them as if they actually were billows.

The piece requires to be spoken in a low voice, rising gradually to an impassioned yet tender tone.

Say "confidence"—not confidunce.

[H]

THE HAND FOR ME.

ANON.

Give me the hand that is warm, kind, and ready;
Give me the clasp that is calm, true, and steady;
Give me the hand that will never deceive me;
Give me the hand that I aye may believe thee.

Soft is the palm of the delicate woman;
Hard is the hand of the rough, sturdy yeoman;
Soft palm or hard hand, it matters not—never!
Give me the hand that is friendly for ever!

Give me the hand that is true as a brother;
Give me the hand that has harmed not another;
Give me the hand that has not forsworn it;
Give me the grasp that I may adore it.

Lovely the palm of the fair, blue-veined maiden,
Horny the hand of the workman o'erladen;
Lovely or ugly, it matters not—never!
Give me the grasp that is friendly for ever!

Give me the grasp that is honest and hearty;
Free as the breeze, and unshackled by party;
Let friendship give the grasps that become her—
Close as the twine of the vines of the summer.

Give me the hand that is true as a brother;
Give me the hand that has not wronged another.
Soft palm or hard hand, it matters not—never!
Give me the grasp that is friendly for ever!

It is easy to understand the general meaning of this poem.

The author, however, fails in one or two lines to express his thoughts clearly and precisely. The fourth line of the first verse is an instance of this. He means to say, "Give me the hand which may always be trusted"; but, in order to rhyme with "me," a roundabout expression was used. Aye is pronounced *ā*, whenever, as in this case, it means "always"; when it means "yes," it is pronounced *ī*. Another example of indistinct expression occurs in the third line of verse two. The meaning is, "the hand which has never proved *false* to its plighted faith."

Speak the piece in a hearty and frank manner, with a shade of roughness in your bearing, as if personating some "sturdy yeoman."

[I]

THE OLD.

ANON.

GIVE me the old songs—those exquisite bursts of melody which thrilled the lyres of the inspired poets and minstrels of long ago. Every note has borne on the air a tale of joy and rapture—of sorrow and sadness! They tell of days gone by, and time hath given to them a voice which speaks to us of those who once breathed these melodies—of what they now are, and what we soon shall be. My heart loves those melodies; may they be mine to hear till life shall end, and, as I “launch my boat” upon the sea of eternity, may their echoes be wafted to my ear, to cheer me on my passage from the scenes of earth and earth-land!

Give me the old paths, where we have wandered and culled the flowers of love and friendship, in the days of “Auld Lang Syne”; *sweeter*, far, the dells whose echoes have answered to our voices, whose turf is not a stranger to our footsteps, and whose rills have in childhood’s days reflected back our forms, and those of our merry playfellows, from whom we have been parted, and meet no more in the old nooks we loved so well. May the old paths be watered with heaven’s own dew, and be green for ever in my memory!

Give me the old house upon whose stairs we seem to hear light footsteps, and under whose porch a merry laugh seems to mingle with the winds that whistle through old trees, beneath whose branches lie the graves of those who once trod the halls and made the chambers ring with glee.

And oh! above all, give me the old friends—hearts bound to mine in life’s sunshiny hours with a link so strong that all the storms of earth might not break it asunder—spirits congenial, whose hearts through life have throbbed in unison with our own! Oh, when death shall still this heart, I would not ask for aught more sacred to hallow my dust than the tear of an old friend. May my funeral dirge be chanted by the old friends I love so fondly, who have not yet passed away to the spirit’s bright home!

THIS selection should be spoken in a low and tender tone. The rate is slow ; force, moderate, increasing toward the climax ; quality, pure ; pitch, medium.

Notice especially the four divisions of the piece, as marked by the four words—songs, paths, house, friends. In the first line the word “old” should be so emphasized, *together with* the word “songs,” as to make it prominent, and these two words should be spoken very nearly on the same key as the first three words.

In the second division the word “old” drops more into the background, and “paths” is the emphatic word. This is according to the principle that “*words introducing new thoughts require especial emphasis*”—a principle that can not be too carefully stored in the memory. The word “paths” should also be spoken in a somewhat higher key than was “songs.” “Give me the old house !” Here, to mark another step in the progress of the thought, “house” must be spoken a trifle higher than “paths” was. But when we come to the concluding division, “friends” should be spoken in a decidedly lower tone, to show that the climax is reached. It should be spoken also with deep feeling. The whole merit of your speaking will turn on the manner in which you give these four sentences : give me the old *songs, paths, house, friends.*

Be sure not to say exquisite for exquisite.

[J]

THE BLACK HORSE AND HIS RIDER.

CHARLES SHEPPARD.

It was the 7th of October, 1777. Horatio Gates stood before his tent, gazing steadfastly upon the two armies, now arrayed in order of battle. It was a clear, bracing day, mellow with the richness of autumn. The sky was cloudless; the foliage of the woods scarce tinged with purple and gold; the buckwheat in yonder fields frostened into snowy ripeness. But the tread of legions shook the ground; from every bush shot the glimmer of the rifle-barrel; on every hillside blazed the sharpened bayonet. Suddenly, Gates and his officers were startled. Along the height on which they stood, came a rider, upon a black horse, rushing toward the distant battle. There was something in the appearance of this horse and his rider that struck them with surprise. Look! he draws his sword, the sharp blade quivers through the air—he points to the distant battle, and lo! he is gone—gone through those clouds, while his shout echoes over the plains. Wherever that black horse and his rider went, there followed victory. At last, toward the setting of the sun, the crisis of the conflict came. That fortress yonder, on Bemis's Heights, must be won or the American cause is lost! That cliff is too steep—that death is too certain. The officers can not persuade the men to advance. The Americans have lost the field. Even Morgan, that iron man among iron men, leans on his rifle and despairs of the field. But look yonder! In this moment when all is dismay and horror, here crashing on, comes the black horse and his rider! That rider bends upon his steed, his frenzied face covered with sweat and dust and blood; he lays his hand upon that bold rifleman's shoulder, and, as though living fire had been poured into his veins, he seizes his rifle and starts toward the rock. And now look! now hold your breath, as the black steed crashes up that steep cliff. That steed quivers! he totters! he falls! No! no! Still on, still up the cliff, still on toward the fortress. The rider turns his face and shouts, "Come on, men of Quebec! come on!" That call is needless. Already the bold riflemen are on the rock. Now British cannon pour your fires, and lay your dead in tens and twenties on the rock. Now, red-coat hirelings, shout your battle-cry if you can! For look! there in the gate of the fortress, as the smoke clears away, stands the black horse and his rider. That steed falls dead, pierced by a hundred balls; but his rider, as the British cry for quarter, lifts up his voice and shouts afar to Horatio Gates waiting yonder in his tent, "Saratoga is won!"

THIS selection is a stirring account of one of the daring exploits of Benedict Arnold, before he stained his name by treason. Stung by being refused a command, he rushed to the battle, and, wherever he could get soldiers to follow him, he led the way to victory. The battle here described was one of the most important and decisive in the Revolutionary war.

Begin quietly ; the description of the clear October day should be given in a graceful, airy style, yet with a hint, in tone and modulation, of something grand and unexpected to follow.

From the words "Suddenly, Gates," etc., to "Lo ! he is gone," speak rapidly. Rapid utterance is again required from the words "But, look yonder," to "stands the black horse and his rider." The last three words must be uttered with the utmost power, joyfulness, and clearness of tone.

[K]

THE THREE HORSEMEN.

[TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.]

THREE horsemen halted the inn before,
Three horsemen entered the oaken door,
And loudly called for the welcome cheer
That was wont to greet the traveler here.

"Good woman," they cried, as the hostess came,
A buxom, rosy, portly old dame,
"Good woman, how's your wine and beer?
And how's your little daughter dear?"

"My house is ever supplied with cheer,
But my daughter lieth upon her bier."

A shadow over the horsemen fell;
Each wrapped in thoughts he could never tell;
And silently one by one they crept
To the darkened room where the maiden slept.

The golden hair was rippling low
Over a forehead pure as snow,
And the little hands so closely pressed
Clasping a cross to the pulseless breast.

"I loved thee ere the death-chill lay
On thee, sweet child," and one turned away;
"I would have loved thee," the second said,
"Hadst thou learned to love me, and lived to wed."

"I loved thee always, I love thee now,"
The third one cried as he kissed her brow;
"In the heavens to come our souls shall wed—
I have loved thee living, I love thee dead!"

Then silently out from the open door
Three horsemen went to return no more.

THE contrasts of feeling in this little gem are decided, and must be carefully indicated by the voice.

The three horsemen, as they ride gleefully up to the inn, have no thought that the bright face which has been their chief though unconfessed attraction is no longer watching for them. They call out to the hostess in rough, hearty tones, "How's your wine and beer?"

The good dame, instead of replying with her accustomed laugh of welcome, sadly says that, while of course she still supplies travelers with food and drink, her little daughter is dead. Then a "shadow over the horsemen fell," and they gently step into the next room where the maiden slept. The first speaks quietly but without much emotion, the second with more feeling, and the third with intense passion.

[L]

DISCOVERIES OF GALILEO.

EDWARD EVERETT.

THERE are occasions in life in which a great mind lives years of rapt enjoyment in a moment. I can fancy the emotions of Galileo, when, first raising the newly constructed telescope to the heavens, he saw fulfilled the grand prophecy of Copernicus, and beheld the planet Venus crescent like the moon.

It was such another moment as that, when the immortal printers of Mentz and Strasburg received the first copy of the Bible into their hands, the work of their divine art; like that, when Columbus, through the gray dawn of the 12th of October, 1492, beheld the shores of San Salvador; like that, when the law of gravitation first revealed itself to the intellect of Newton; like that, when Franklin saw, by the stiffening fibers of the hempen cord of his kite, that he held the lightning in his grasp; like that, when Leverrier received back from Berlin the tidings that the predicted planet was found.

Yes, noble Galileo, thou art right, "It does move." Bigots may make thee recant it, but it *moves*, nevertheless. Yes, the earth moves, and the planets move, and the mighty waters move, and the great sweeping tides of air move, and the empires of men move, and the world of thought moves, ever onward and upward, to higher facts and bolder theories. The Inquisition may seal thy lips, but they can no more stop the progress of the great truth propounded by Copernicus, and demonstrated by *thee*, than they can stop the revolving earth.

Close, now, venerable sage, that sightless, tearful eye; it has seen what man never before saw; it has seen enough. Hang up that poor little spy-glass; it has done its work. Not Herschel nor Rosse have, comparatively, done more. Franciscans and Dominicans deride thy discoveries now, but the time *will* come when, from two hundred observatories in Europe and America, the glorious artillery of science shall nightly assault the skies; but they shall gain no conquests in those glittering fields before which *thine* shall be forgotten.

Rest in peace, great Columbus of the heavens—like him scorned, persecuted, broken-hearted!—in other ages, in distant hemispheres, when the votaries of science, with solemn acts of consecration, shall dedicate their stately edifices to the cause of knowledge and truth, *thy name* shall be mentioned with honor.

THE planets shine, like our moon, by light reflected from the sun. Venus, being very bright and comparatively near us, can be quite easily observed. With a telescope Venus is seen to pass through changes like the moon—i. e., she appears first in the shape of a crescent or new moon, and increases to a circle.

Galileo was the first to see this, though, as intimated in the text, it had been predicted by Copernicus.

There is not space here to say anything of Newton, Franklin, and Leverrier, but you should study about them, at least enough to understand these allusions, before attempting to speak the declamation.

“The glorious artillery of science,” means telescopes. Say “Columbus”—not Clumbus.

Galilē'o. San Salvadō'r.

[M]

THE FLIGHT OF XERXES.

I saw him on the battle-eve,
- When like a king he bore him—
Proud hosts in glittering helm and greave,
And prouder chiefs before him;
The warrior, and the warrior's deeds,
The morrow and the morrow's meeds,
No daunting thoughts came o'er him;
He looked around him, and his eye
Defiance flashed to earth and sky.

He looked on ocean—its broad breast
Was covered with his fleet;
On earth—and saw from east to west
His bannered millions meet;
While rock and glen and cave and coast
Shook with the war-cry of that host,
The thunder of their feet!
He heard the imperial echoes ring—
He heard, and felt himself a king!

I saw him next alone: nor camp
Nor chief his steps attended;
Nor banner blazed, nor courser's tramp
With war-cries proudly blended.
He stood alone, whom fortune high
So lately seemed to deify;
He who with Heaven contended
Fled like a fugitive and slave!
Behind, the foe; before, the wave.

He stood—fleet, army, treasure, gone—
Alone, and in despair!
But wave and wind swept ruthless on,
For they were monarchs there;
And Xerxes, in a single bark,
Where late his thousand ships were dark,
Must all their fury dare.
What a revenge—a trophy, this—
For thee, immortal Salamis!

THE last two verses present a striking contrast with the first two. Naturally, then, the first two should be uttered in a clear, triumphant tone ; the last two in a subdued and saddened manner.

Helm = helmet. Greave = armor for the legs. The morrow's meeds = "the expected trophies of to-morrow."

Be careful not to let the voice fall after the word "contended." There is a slight pause there, but not a full stop. Long pauses must be made after "behind" and "before."

Salamis was the name of the place near which Xerxes was finally defeated by the Greeks.

Say "glittering"—not glittrin.

[N]

THE NATIONAL FLAG.

CHARLES SUMNER.

THERE is the national flag. He must be cold, indeed, who can look upon its folds rippling in the breeze without pride of country. If he be in a foreign land, the flag is companionship and country itself with all its endearments. Who, as he sees it, can think of a State merely? Whose eyes, once fastened upon its radiant trophies, can fail to recognize the image of the whole nation? It has been called a "floating piece of poetry," and yet I know not if it have an intrinsic beauty beyond other ensigns. Its highest beauty is in what it symbolizes. It is because it represents all, that all gaze at it with delight and reverence. It is a piece of bunting lifted in the air, but it speaks sublimely, and every part has a voice. Its stripes of alternate red and white proclaim the original union of thirteen States to maintain the Declaration of Independence. Its stars of white on a field of blue proclaim that union of States constituting our national constellation, which receives a new star with every new State. The two together signify union, past and present. The very colors have a language which was officially recognized by our fathers. White is for purity, red for valor, blue for justice; and all together—bunting, stripes, stars, and colors—blazing in the sky, make the flag of our country—to be cherished by all our hearts, to be upheld by all our hands.

THE general tenor of this speech is earnestly patriotic. Charles Sumner was a man who felt what he spoke. He did not string words together merely to make eloquent periods. He spoke to persuade men and make them feel as he felt. If you wish to speak it well, you must read it carefully, and come yourself to feel as he did. Imagine to yourself the flag "rippling in the breeze." Remember the almost exultant *snap* with which its rippling ends, as a strong gust snatches it for a moment.

Then think of the deep significance of our flag, and if you do not feel a warm love for it, and a desire to inspire others with a like feeling, you had better choose another selection. There are a few words about whose distinct articulation a word of caution is necessary. Do not say "He mus' be cold," for "He must," etc.; "an' country itself," for "and" —; "highiss," for "highest"; "reverunts," for "reverence"; "ev'ry," for "every"; "awlternate," for "alternate"; or "constallation," for "constellation."

Speak the piece very slowly, and with a round, strong voice.

[O]

A CHRISTMAS CHANT.

ALFRED DOMMET.

It was the calm and silent night !
 Seven hundred years and fifty-three
 Had Rome been growing up to might,
 And now was queen of land and sea.
 No sound was heard of clashing wars—
 Peace brooded o'er the hushed domain ;
 Apollo, Pallas, Jove, and Mars,
 Held undisturbed their ancient reign—
 In the solemn midnight,
 Centuries ago !

'Twas in the calm and silent night !
 The senator of haughty Rome
 Impatient, urged his chariot's flight
 From lordly revel rolling home ;
 Triumphal arches, gleaming, swell
 His breast with thoughts of boundless sway ;
 What recked the Roman what befell
 A paltry province far away—
 In the solemn midnight,
 Centuries ago ?

Oh, strange indifference ! low and high
 Drowns over common joys and cares ;
 The earth was still, but knew not why ;
 The world was listening—unawares.
 How calm a moment may precede
 One that shall thrill the world for ever !
 To that still moment none would heed,
 Man's doom was linked no more to sever—
 In the solemn midnight,
 Centuries ago !

It is the calm and silent night !
 A thousand bells ring out, and throw
 Their joyous peals abroad, and smite
 The darkness, charmed and holy now !
 The night that erst no name had worn,
 To it a happy name is given :
 For in that stable lay new-born
 The peaceful Prince of earth and heaven—
 In the solemn midnight,
 Centuries ago !

ROME was founded in the year 753 B. C., and, before the birth of Christ, time was reckoned from that epoch.

The birth of the Savior occurred at a period of almost universal peace.

Judea was at that time a "paltry province" of Rome.

The thought of the piece is, that at a moment when men were heedless of it, and in a place remote and unknown, there quietly transpired the grandest event in human history. Now, however, Christmas-night is known and honored the world around.

Speak the first verse in an impressive, slow, and quiet manner; the second in a bolder way, the third again in a lower tone, and the fourth in a joyful and animated style.

[P]

THE KNIGHT'S TOAST.

THE feast is o'er! Now brimming wine
In lordly cup is seen to shine
Before each eager guest;
And silence fills the crowded hall
As deep as when the herald's call
Thrills in the loyal breast.

Then, one by one, each guest sprang up,
And drained in turn the brimming cup,
And named the loved one's name;
And each, as hand on high he raised,
His lady's grace or beauty praised,
Her constancy and fame.

St. Leon raised his kindling eye,
And lifts the sparkling cup on high:
"I drink to *one*," he said,
"Whose image never may depart,
Deep graven on this grateful heart,
Till memory be dead;—

"To one whose love for me shall last
When lighter passions long have passed—
So holy 'tis and true;
To one whose love hath longer dwelt,
More deeply fixed, more keenly felt,
Than any pledged by you."

Each guest upstarted at the word,
And laid a hand upon his sword,
With fury-flashing eye;
And Stanley said, "We crave the name,
Proud knight, of this most peerless dame,
Whose love you count so high."

St. Leon paused, as if he would
Not breathe her name in careless mood,
Thus lightly, to another;
Then bent his noble head as though
To give that word the reverence due,
And gently said, "My mother!"

BRIMMING WINE—that is, wine that comes up to the
brim.

HERALD—an officer who carried messages.

CRAVE—to ask earnestly ; to beg.

PEERLESS—without an equal.

The piece should be spoken with gradually increasing animation, until the last verse is reached.

A long pause before this verse may be made effective ; then change to a low and tender tone of voice, and speak the words slowly, tenderly, reverently.

Avoid a sing-song tone of voice. There is especial need of this caution in poems of this sort.

[Q]

A CRY FOR LIFE.

REV. W. W. HARDING.

ABOVE us the cold, silent stars are marching on in their God-marked and boundless paths; we look up to them and point out to each other the home of the Ursa Major—the great track of the wandering Seven—the glittering belt of Orion, and the dim glory of the Milky Way; and we wonder and pass on, and think of them no more. But, while the resonances of my voice are falling on your ears, there are thousands looking up, not at the mighty grandeur of the constellations—but up, up, far beyond stars, systems, and universes, up into the realm of the Infinite One, and seeking through their blinding tears to catch a glimpse of his merciful countenance.

We can hear, even now, the wild wails of the storm-wind, and the moan of its wintry music, and our hearts instinctively sink in echo to its wailing; but, up through the drear darkness of this pitiless night, there are wails of woe ascending to the ears of God, compared with which this storm-wind is as a summer zephyr.

We look out upon the desolate earth, trodden by the mighty feet of the storm, and we bow our heads and laugh at the desolation, for we know that the summer will come again and the earth will then echo the symbols of our joy. But, there are hearts to-night looking out upon the earth, nay, upon life, upon life trodden desolate by the remorseless feet of many a storm, and they bow their heads and weep—

“For the summer sheen of a day that is gone,
That will never come back again.”

Oh, think not that life is for ever and to all a holiday, for souls are everywhere ceaselessly and earnestly wrestling with the terrors of agonizing destiny. We can not, perhaps, hear the sound of these struggles, but God's quick ear discovers them! We may not see them, but angels standing on the high watch-towers of the Eternal can. They find no place on the page of earth's battles, but in the record of the divine they far outshine the glory of him who, having bathed the world with blood, flaunts toward the skies his banners of pride.

Oh, struggle on, ye agonized souls, strive on! Faint not, nor grow ye weary of the fight. Strive on! Let the mad, phantom-chasing world laugh, dance, and hurry as it will. Strive ye on! Bow your heads, if need be, to the terrors of the storm, but do it *bravely*. Every tear wrung from your eyes by the weight of your sorrows shall be a jewel in the crown of your triumph. Heed not the darkness nor the tempest, for a measureless day and a cloudless sun are promised you. Look up—look up, even through your streaming agony, and behold in faith the light in the eternal windows for you, and, drear though the way may be, remember that in the great chart it is written, “Lo! I am with you alway, even to the end of the world.”

THIS is a piece of great beauty and power. The rising inflection is needed on the words major, seven, Orion, pass on, ears, constellations, universes, night, God, earth, storm, gone, home, window-light, lost, unforgiven, and others which require no mention. These are mentioned because there is a tendency to drop the voice too often, and much power is lost by so doing.

The piece rises toward the end into a very fine climax, and may be rendered very striking and impressive by one who thoroughly enters into the spirit of it.

It will require all of your manhood to speak it properly.

[B]

GREAT LIVES IMPERISHABLE.

EDWARD EVERETT.

To be cold and breathless—to feel not and speak not—this is not the end of existence to the men who have breathed their spirits into the institutions of their country, who have stamped their characters on the pillars of the age, who have poured their hearts' blood into the channels of the public prosperity. Tell me, ye who tread the sods of yon sacred height, is Warren dead? Can you not still see him, not pale and prostrate, the blood of his gallant heart pouring out of his ghastly wound, but moving resplendent over the field of honor, with the rose of heaven upon his cheek, and the fire of liberty in his eye? Tell me, ye who make your pious pilgrimage to the shades of Vernon, is Washington, indeed, shut up in that cold and narrow house? That which made these men, and men like these, can not die. The hand that traced the charter of Independence is, indeed, motionless; the eloquent lips that sustained it are hushed; but the lofty spirits that conceived, resolved, and maintained it, and which alone, to such men, "make it life to live," these can not expire:

"These shall resist the empire of decay,
When time is o'er, and worlds have passed away;
Cold in the dust the perished heart may lie,
But that which warmed it once can never die."

THIS famous extract is so instinct with eloquence that one can hardly fail of speaking it eloquently. Study about Warren. Read of his bravery and patriotism—of his unselfish daring, and his sudden death. If you know nothing of Warren—who he was or what he did—you will not succeed in uttering with much feeling the noble sentence, “Tell me, ye who tread the sods of yon sacred height, is Warren dead?” Find out what height is meant. Whose hand “traced the charter of Independence”? Whose were the “eloquent lips” that sustained it?

[S]

OSSIAN'S ADDRESS TO THE SUN.

O THOU that rollest above, round as the shield of my fathers ! whence are thy beams, O Sun ? thy everlasting light ? Thou comest forth in thy awful beauty ; the stars hide themselves in the sky ; the moon, cold and pale, sinks in the western wave. But thou thyself movest alone : who can be a companion of thy course ?

The oaks of the mountains fall ; the mountains themselves decay with years ; the ocean shrinks and grows again ; the moon herself is lost in the heavens ; but thou art for ever the same, rejoicing in the brightness of thy course.

When the world is dark with tempests, when thunders roll and lightnings fly, thou lookest in thy beauty from the clouds, and laughest at the storm. But to Ossian thou lookest in vain ; for he beholds thy beams no more, whether thy yellow hair flows on the eastern clouds, or thou tremblest at the gates of the west.

But thou art, perhaps, like me, for a season ; thy years will have an end. Thou wilt sleep in thy clouds, careless of the voice of the morning. Exult, then, O Sun, in the strength of thy youth—age is dark and unlovely : it is like the glimmering light of the moon when it shines through broken clouds, and the mist is on the hills, the blast of the north is on the plains, the traveler shrinks in the midst of his journey.

OSSIAN'S address to the sun is admitted to this collection, as it gives us one of the best opportunities for practicing what is called the "orotund" voice—that is, the fullest and deepest tone which can be produced.

Speak very slowly, very distinctly, and with the greatest volume of voice at your command.

There is also an undertone of deep sadness which runs through the piece, and which deepens in pathos toward the end.

Study the extract thoroughly, until the thought is very clear in your mind.

[T]

ROOM AT THE TOP.

GEORGE BRANSON.

Do you follow the plow as a matter of choice?
Do you sow? Do you reap? Do you mow?
When the harvest-time comes, does it make you rejoice?
Are you blest with rewards as you go?
Do you often say fail when your neighbors succeed?
Are you crowded by failures? Then stop.
Study why thus it is. To climb high is your need—
There is plenty of room at the top.

Do you stand at the forge from the morn till the night?
And give shape to the sharp-ringing steel?
Does the world, at all times, seem to be with you right?
Or the pangs of grim want do you feel?
Your profession is good; the fault is in you.
If it seems there's no place for your shop—
If others climb high, you must higher aim, too;
There is plenty of room at the top.

Do you move in the circles of science and art?
Do positions of honor you fill?
Do the noblest of schools train your mind and your heart
To do your life-calling with skill?
Do the good and the wise seek to make you their guest?
Or do they from their lists your name drop?
Climb high, if you want the position that's best—
There is plenty of room at the top.

If you toil with your hands, with your mind, with your heart,
If you strive for a name that will live,
You must bend to the work. You must choose the good part :
The best aims a coronet give.
Live a life that is true, leave all grossness below,
On the rounds of life's ladder ne'er stop,
Heaven's bells ring above you, and seraph feet glow—
There is glory undimmed at the top.

THE danger most carefully to be avoided in delivering this poem is the tendency to fall into a sing-song manner. As you read it over, observe how naturally you emphasize the last word in each line. You say :

“Do you follow the plow as a matter of *choice* ?
Do you sow, do you reap, do you *mow* ? ”

And, indeed, in a few of the lines this is correct ; but in the fourth line, for instance, it would be ridiculous.

The danger is greater in this than in many similar pieces, because most of the sentences end with the line.

When several stanzas end with the same line, there is danger of monotony in the manner of speaking that line ; vary the accent. First, “There is plenty of room at the *top*” ; then, “There is *plenty* of room at the top.” Vary also the inflection, occasionally ending with a rising instead of a falling inflection.

Do not say “harviss-time,” “ringin’,” “’ands,” or “stee-ul.”

You should increase in force and energy at the close.

A]

LITTLE WHITE LILY.

G. MACDONALD.

LITTLE white Lily
Sat by a stone,
Drooping and waiting
Till the sun shone.
Little white Lily
Sunshine has fed ;
Little white Lily
Is lifting her head.

Little white Lily
Said : " It is good ;
Little white Lily
Has clothing and food."
Little white Lily
Dressed like a bride !
Shining with whiteness,
And crowned beside !

Little white Lily
Droopeth with pain,
Waiting and waiting
For the wet rain.
Little white Lily
Holdeth her cup ;
Rain is fast falling
And filling it up.

Little white Lily
Smells very sweet ;
On her head sunshine,
Rain at her feet.
" Thanks to the sunshine,
Thanks to the rain !
Little white Lily
Is happy again."

THIS piece is a very good one for a little girl of seven or eight years. If it is to be spoken at an examination, she may be simply dressed in white, and hold a day-lily in her hand, or, if that be out of season, a spray of lily-of-the-valley.

It must be spoken quietly and modestly.

In the last line of verse two, "crowned" should be made into two syllables and pronounced "crown-ed." Say whiteness, not whiteniss.

[B]

THE KITTEN AND THE FALLING LEAVES.

WORDSWORTH.

SEE the kitten on the wall,
Sporting with the leaves that fall.
Withered leaves, one, two, and three,
From the lofty elder tree!
Through the calm and frosty air
Of this morning bright and fair,
Eddying round and round they sink,
Softly, slowly. . . .
But the kitten how she starts,
Crouches, stretches, paws, and darts!
First at one, and then its fellow,
Just as light, and just as yellow.
There are many now—now one—
Now they stop, and there are none.
With a tiger leap, half way
Now she meets the coming prey;
Lets it go as fast, and then
Has it in her power again.

To speak this piece well, you must play that you see the kitten on the top of a garden-wall. Play that the wall is at your right hand. You may begin by pointing where you imagine the kitten to be, and saying: "See! the kitten on the wall!" Say this, if you can, so as to make all the scholars look where you point. Think of the withered leaves falling, one by one, from the lofty elder-tree. When you are speaking of the tree, look up as if you saw the leaves come whirling or eddying down. You can move your hand in slow circles to show how the leaves go round. When you come to the words "But the kitten," speak them with a start, crouch yourself just a little, stretch your hand out, slowly at first, and as you say "Dart," dart it out swiftly. Do not stop after "darts," but go right on—"darts first at one," etc.

[C]

THE WIND.

E. C. STEDMAN.

WHICH is the wind that brings the cold ?

The north wind, Freddy ; and all the snow ;
And the sheep will scamper into the fold,
When the North begins to blow.

Which is the wind that brings the heat ?

The south wind, Katy ; and corn will grow,
And cherries redden for you to eat,
When the South begins to blow.

Which is the wind that brings the rain ?

The east wind, Tommy ; and farmers know
That cows come shivering up the lane,
When the East begins to blow.

Which is the wind that brings the flowers ?

The west wind, Bessie ; and soft and low
The birdies sing in the summer hours,
When the West begins to blow.

THIS may very well be spoken by five little boys and girls. Let one give all the answers, and each of the others ask one question. Or it may be spoken by four children, in this way: Let "Freddy" ask the first question, and then let the other three answer him in chorus; then let one of them ask the second question, and the others will answer in chorus as before. This is perhaps the prettiest way.

Or, of course, one boy or girl may speak it alone.

[D]

SHUT THE DOOR.

GOOD TIMES.

GODFREY Gordon Gustavus Gore—

No doubt you have heard the name before—

Was a boy who never would shut a door!

The wind might whistle, the wind might roar,

And teeth be aching and throats be sore,

But still he never would shut the door.

His father would beg, his mother implore,

“Godfrey Gordon Gustavus Gore,

We really wish you would shut the door!”

When he walked forth the folks would roar,

“Godfrey Gordon Gustavus Gore,

Why don't you think to shut the door?”

They rigged out a shutter with sail and oar,

And threatened to pack off Gustavus Gore

On a voyage of penance to Singapore.

But he begged for mercy, and said, “No more!

Pray do not send me to Singapore

On a shutter, and then I will shut the door!”

“You will?” said parents; “then keep on shore!

But mind you do! For the plague is sore

Of a fellow that never will shut the door—

Godfrey Gordon Gustavus Gore!”

SPEAK this in a lively and gay manner. Much of the fun of it depends on the way in which you speak the boy's name. Say it very distinctly and very slowly, pausing after each of the names, "Godfrey—Gordon—Gustavus—Gore," and speak the last name, *Gore*, louder and more plainly than the rest.

In the last line of verse one, say, "A boy who never—*would shut a door.*"

In the next verse, say, "Still he never *would* shut a door."

In the next, "We really *wish* you would shut the door."

In the next, "Why—don't—you—think—to—*shut the—DOOR!*"

In the verse next to the last, say, "And then I *will* shut the door."

Singapore is a town of Farther India.

[E]

MUSIC.

E. H. MILLER.

HAVE you heard the waters singing,
Little May,
Where the willows green are leaning
O'er their way?
Do you know how low and sweet,
O'er the pebbles at their feet,
Are the words the waves repeat,
Night and day?

Have you heard the robins singing,
Little one,
Where the rosy day is breaking—
When 'tis done?
Have you heard the wooing breeze,
In the blossom'd orchard trees,
And the drowsy hum of bees
In the sun?

All the earth is full of music,
Little May;
Bird and bee and water singing
On its way.
Let their silver voices fall
On thy heart with happy call:
"Praise the Lord, who loveth all,
Night and day."

THIS pretty selection will give excellent practice in the rising inflection.

The voice should rise on the words singing, May, way, pebbles, feet, waves, day, robins, one, done, breeze, orchard, bees, and sun.

Let the voice fall, in the last verse, on full, way, call, and day.

Let each verse be spoken with a musical and flowing tone ; let your voice ripple along like the brook.

In the last of the second verse, speak the words. "Drowsy hum of bees" so as to imitate that sound.

GOOD NIGHT AND GOOD MORNING.

LORD HOUGHTON.

A FAIR little girl sat under a tree,
Sewing, as long as her eyes could see;
Then she smoothed her work and folded it right,
And said, "Dear work, good night, good night!"

Such a number of rooks flew over her head,
Crying, "Caw! caw!" on their way to bed;
She said, as she watched their curious flight,
"Little black things, good night, good night!"

The horses neighed, and the oxen lowed,
The sheep's bleat! bleat! came over the road,
All seeming to say, with a quiet delight,
"Good little girl, good night, good night!"

She did not say to the sun, "Good night!"
Though she saw him there, like a ball of light;
For she knew, he had God's time to keep
All over the world, and never could sleep.

The tall pink fox-glove bowed his head,
The violets curt-sied and went to bed;
And good little Lucy tied up her hair,
And said, on her knees, her favorite prayer.

And, while on her pillow she softly lay,
She knew nothing more, till again it was day;
And all things said to the beautiful sun,
"Good morning! good morning! our work is begun!"

A BRIGHT little girl can make this piece very pleasing.

There is a chance for quite an amount of action and imitation.

In line second speak the words very slowly, so as to give the idea of length of time, "S-e-w-ing—as—l-o-n-g—as her eyes could see." You may imitate the action of smoothing the work and folding it, and then looking down at it, say gently: "Dear work, good night, good night."

In speaking the second verse, you may make the "Caw ! caw !" as much like a crow does as you please, but gently.

In verse four, emphasize *sun*, "She did not say to the *sun*, 'Good night !'"

Speak the last line with great animation.

[G]

THE VIOLET.

Down in a green and shady bed,
A modest violet grew ;
Its stalk was bent, it hung its head,
As if to hide from view.

And yet it was a lovely flower,
Its colors bright and fair ;
It might have graced a rosy bower,
Instead of hiding there.

Yet there it was content to bloom,
In modest tints array'd ;
And there gave out a sweet perfume,
Within the silent shade.

Then let me to the valley go,
This pretty flower to see ;
That I may also learn to grow
In sweet humility.

THERE is little to be said about how to speak this dainty little poem. Speak slowly, plainly, and gently, and you can hardly fail to speak it well.

Be careful not to say "voilet" or "vi-let" for "vi-o-let."

Do not say "green *un* shady" for "green *and* shady."

Do not say "silunt" for "silent."

In the last verse, emphasize "I." "That *I* may also learn," etc.

[H]

LITTLE STREAMS.

LITTLE streams are light and shadow;
Flowing through the pasture meadow,
Flowing by the green way-side,
Through the forest dim and wide,
Through the hamlet still and small—
By the cottage, by the hall,
By the ruin'd abbey still;
Turning here and there a mill,
Bearing tribute to the river—
Little streams, I love you ever.

Summer music is there flowing—
Flowering plants in them are growing—
Happy life is in them all,
Creatures innocent and small;
Little birds come down to drink,
Fearless of their leafy brink;
Noble trees beside them grow,
Glooming them with branches low;
And between, the sunshine, glancing
In their little waves, is dancing.

Little streams have flowers as many,
Beautiful and fair as any;
Arrow-head with eye of jet;
And the water-violet.
And, in places deep and stilly,
Marble-like, the water-lily.

Here upon their flowery bank
In the old time, pilgrims drank—
Here have seen, as now, pass' by,
King-fisher, and dragon-fly;
Those bright things that have their dwelling
Where the little streams are welling.

WHERE do the little streams flow? What kind of forest is spoken of? A "hamlet" is a small village. An "abbey" is a kind of church where holy men live and worship. What do the little streams turn now and then? What do the little streams carry into the river? What music is flowing in the little streams? "Gloom-ing" means "shading."

What color is jet? What are pilgrims? Did they use to see king-fishers and dragon-flies pass by as we do now?

"Welling" means "bubbling up." Say "flowing," not "flowin'"; "turning," not "turnin'"; and in all such words, "ing," not "in."

THE KITTEN AND THE MOUSE.

ONCE there was a little Kitty,
Whiter than the snow;
In a barn she used to play,
Long time ago.

In a barn a little mousie
Ran to and fro;
For she heard the Kitty coming,
Long time ago.

Two black eyes had little Kitty,
Black as any sloe;
And they spied the little mousie,
Long time ago.

Four soft paws had little Kitty,
Paws soft as dough,
And they caught the little mousie,
Long time ago.

Nine pearl teeth had little Kitty,
All in a row;
And they bit the little mousie,
Long time ago.

When the teeth bit little mousie,
Mousie she cried "Oh!"—
But she got away from Kitty,
Long time ago.

QUESTIONS.—1. Of what color was the kitten? 2. Where did she use to play? 3. What did the little mouse do when she heard the kitten coming? 4. What kind of eyes had the kitten? 5. What happened to the mouse? 6. What did the kitten do to the mouse when she caught her? 7. How many teeth had she? 8. Did she kill the mouse? 9. What line rhymes with "*Whiter than the snow*"?

The sloe is a sort of shrub which grows in England; its berries give a black stain, and are used in making a black dye; the flowers of the sloe are snowy white.

All of the poem except the last two lines should be spoken in a sad tone, as if something bad were going to happen to the little mouse.

Pause after "She cried 'Oh!'" and then, with smiling face, say quickly and in a gay and happy tone, "But she *got away* from Kitty, long time ago."

[J]

THE LION AND THE MOUSE.

ONE very hot day, a great lion, quite tired with hunting for his prey, went under the shade of a large tree, and lay down to sleep. A little mouse came out of her hole in the tree behind, and ran over his back, waking him just as he was dozing off to sleep.

The great animal put out one of his paws and caught the mouse, who, nearly dead with fright, begged for mercy; and the noble lion was so kind as to let her run off.

Not long after this the lion was one night hunting for his supper in the woods, when he was caught in a net spread for him by the hunters. Not being able to get out of it, he set up a loud and dreadful roar. The mouse heard the noise, and, thinking it might be the voice of her kind friend, she ran to the place, telling him to keep still and she would try to set him free. So the mouse set to work with her little sharp teeth, and soon gnawed the strings and knots of the net, so that the lion got up, and, having shaken himself, walked away, thinking to himself, "If I had not been so kind as to spare the life of that little mouse, I might have lain under the net until my foes came and put an end to my life." This fable was written to teach us that, however great we may now be, we may, one day, perhaps, stand in need of help from the most humble.

THIS little fable is given for practice in simple talking. There is danger, in speaking, of falling into a "sing-song" voice.

Speak this piece just as if you were telling the story to your brother or any little friend. Speak quite slowly, and be careful to pronounce each word plainly. Do not let the last words of a sentence be spoken so low that it is hard to hear them. Look right in the eyes of those who hear you.

Ask your teacher how to pronounce sōn, mouse, and out.

Say "hôt," not "hawt," and "lǒng," not "lawng." Sound the h in "humble," do not say "'umble."

[K]

THE GOLDEN RULE.

CHILDREN, do you love each other ?

Are you always kind and true ?

Do you always do to others

As you'd have them do to you ?

Are you gentle to each other ?

Are you careful, day by day,

Not to give offense by actions,

Or by anything you say ?

Little children, love each other,

Never give another pain ;

If your brother speak in anger,

Answer not in wrath again.

Be not selfish to each other,

Never mar another's rest ;

Strive to make each other happy,

And you will yourselves be blest.

THIS little piece is very short, but is beautiful. Think what it means as you speak it. Try to say it in such a way as to show that you really mean it. Talk right to your school-mates. Do not hurry at all. Walk slowly to your place on the floor. Wait a moment until every one is listening. Make your bow slowly. Then wait a moment before you begin. This will make every one eager to hear what you are going to say. Say "children" just as your mother would if she were going to speak to you all. Then wait a moment again till they all look up. Then ask them, "Do you love each other?"

The piece needs to be spoken *very slowly* and distinctly.

[L]

LOST!

THE chill November day was done,
The dry old leaves were flying;
When, mingled with the roaring wind,
I heard a small voice crying.

And, shiv-er-ing at the corner, stood
A child of four or over;
No cloak nor hat her small, soft arms
And wind-blown curls to cover.
With one wee hand she pushed them back,
She slipped in mine the other;
Half scared, half trustingly, she said,
"Oh, please, I want my mother!"

"Tell me your street and number, pet;
Don't cry, I'll take you to it."
Sobbing, she answered: "I forget;
The organ made me do it.

"He came and played at Miller's steps,
The monkey took the money;
And so I followed down the street,
That monkey was so funny.
I've walked about a *hundred hours*,
From one street to another;
The monkey's gone, I've lost my flowers—
Oh, please, I want my mother!"

The sky grew stormy; people passed,
All muffled, homeward faring;
"You'll have to spend the night with me,"
I said, at last, de-spair-ing.
I tied her kerchief round her neck—
"What ribbon's this, my blossom?"
"Why! don't you know?" she smiling asked,
And drew it from her bosom.

A card with number, street, and name:
My eyes, astonished, met it;
"For," said the little one, "you see
I might sometimes forget it.
And so I wear a little thing
That tells you all about it;
For mother says she's very sure
I would get lost without it."

It would help you to understand this little poem better, if you would write the story of the little girl in your own words, before learning the verses.

What time of the year was it? What sort of a day?
How old was the little girl? Was she warmly dressed?

What did she say? Did she remember her street and number? (In cities the houses are all numbered.)
How did she get lost? How long did it seem to her that she had been walking? What was found about her neck?

“Muffled” means “wrapped up.” “Faring” means “walking.”

If you can imitate a little girl's way of talking when she is tired and frightened, it will be a good plan to do so.

[M]

THE MOUNTAIN AND THE SQUIRREL

A Fable.

B. W. EMERSON.

THE mountain and the squirrel
Had a quarrel,
And the former called the latter "Little Prig!"
Bun replied :
" You are doubtless very big,
But all sorts of things and weather
Must be taken in together
To make up a year,
And a sphere ;
And I think it no disgrace
To occupy my place.
If I'm not so large as you,
You are not so small as I,
And not half so spry.
I'll not deny you make
A very pretty squirrel-track.
Talents differ ; all is well and wisely put :
If I can not carry forests on my back,
Neither can you crack a nut."

A "prig" is a person who pretends to be of much more consequence than he really is.

"Bun" is a playful name for the squirrel.

A "sphere" means here a "world."

"To occupy my place" means "To do my best as a squirrel."

By a "squirrel-track" Bun means "a track for squirrels to run on."

"Talent" means "power to do something."

Speak this piece as if you were talking to some one.

Do not pause at the end of the first line.

Make a long pause after "replied."

Say "occupy," not "okipy," and "talents," not "talunts."

[N]

THE SENSES.

SAY, what is it, Eyes, ye see ?
Shade and sunshine, flower and tree ;
Running waters, swift and clear,
And the harvest of the year :
These we see, and for the sight
Bless the Giver, infinite.

Tell me, Ears, what ye have heard ?
Many and many a singing bird ;
Winds within the tree-tops going,
Rapid rivers strongly flowing ;
Awful thunder, ocean strong,
And the kindly human tongue :
These, and more, an entrance find
To the chambers of the Mind.

Tell me, busy Hands, I pray,
What ye're doing through the day ?
Ever working, never still,
We are servants to the Will.
Busy Hands, whate'er ye do,
Still keep peace and love in view.

THIS may be spoken as a dialogue between four little girls, or one may speak it alone. If four speak it, one will ask the questions, and one will answer for the Eyes, one for the Ears, and one for the Hands.

If one speaks it alone, she should pause after each question, and then give the answer in a different tone.

In asking the first question, say, "Say—what *is it*, Eyes, ye see?"

In asking the second question, say, "Tell me, Ears, what *ye have heard?*"

Do not say "doin'" for "doing"; "an" for "and"; or "harvis" for "harvest."

[O]

THE FIELD-MOUSE.

WHERE the acorn tumbles down,
Where the ash-tree sheds its berry,
With your fur so soft and brown,
With your eyes so soft and merry,
Scarcely moving the long grass,
Field-mouse, I can see you pass.

Little thing, in what dark den
Lie you all the winter sleeping,
Till warm weather comes again?
Then once more I see you peeping
Round about the tall tree-roots,
Nibbling at their fallen fruits.

Field-mouse, field-mouse, do not go
Where the farmer stacks his treasure;
Find the nut that falls below,
Eat the acorn at your pleasure;
But you must not eat the grain
He has reared with so much pain.

Make your hole where mosses spring,
Underneath the tall oak's shadow;
Pretty, quiet, harmless thing,
Play about the sunny meadow;
Keep away from corn and house—
None will harm you, little mouse.

NOTHING is of more importance in speaking than the proper observance of pauses. These must not be made where you see commas and other points of punctuation only, but wherever the sense of the piece is made clearer by them. In this selection, these pauses are marked by spaces left between words. For example: in the third line of verse one, stop a moment after the word "fur"; in the next line, after "eyes"; in the last line, after "mouse," and so on.

Pausing after a word is one way of making it *emphatic*—that is, of making people notice it.

[P]

A SPRING MORNING.

LADY FLORA HASTINGS.

GET up, little sister, the morning is bright,
And the birds are all singing to welcome the light ;
The buds are all opening—the dew's on the flower ;
If you shake but a branch, see, there falls quite a shower.

By the side of their mothers, look, under the trees,
How the young lambs are skipping about as they please ;
And by all those rings on the water, I know
The fishes are merrily swimming below.

.
Get up, for when all things are merry and glad,
Good children should never be lazy and sad ;
For God gives us daylight, dear sister, that we
May rejoice like the lark, and may work like the bee.

SPEAK this just as if you were actually calling your little sister to wake up and take a morning walk with you. Speak kindly, and in a sprightly, happy tone.

In verse two, speak the word "look" with much earnestness, and point to one side or other, where you must imagine that you see lambs at play.

In the same verse, be careful not to pause after the word "know." Say, "By all those rings on the water, I know the fishes are swimming," etc.

In like manner, in the last verse, avoid stopping at the end of the line next to the last. Do not say, "Dear sister that we," but, "That we may rejoice," etc.

[Q]

AUTUMN.

GOLDEN autumn comes again,
With its storms of wind and rain,
With its fields of yellow grain.

Trees bend down with plum and pear,
Rosy apples scent the air,
Nuts are ripening everywhere.

Flocks of sparrows downward fly
From their hawthorn perch on high,
Pecking each one greedily.

Though the summer flowers are dead,
Still the poppy rears its head,
Glowing gayly all in red.

Still the daisy, large and white,
Shining like a star at night,
In the hedge-row twinkles bright.

Still the foxglove's crimson bell,
And the fern-leaves in the dell,
Autumn's parting beauty tell.

Purple sunsets, crimson leaves,
Fruit and flowers and golden sheaves,
Autumn gives us ere she leaves.

ALTHOUGH "again" in the first line is made to rhyme with "rain" in the next line, you must pronounce it "agen."

When a word brings with it a new idea (that is, one which has not been before given in the piece which you are speaking), you must emphasize it. According to this rule, you will emphasize "plum," "pear," "apples," and "nuts," in the second verse.

When two thoughts are contrasted, the words which mark the contrast must be emphasized. Thus, "It is not *green*, but *red*." Let the voice rise on the first thought, and fall on the second. It is not *greén*, but *réd*.

So in verses four and five say, "Though the *summer flowers* are dead, still the *poppy* rears its head, glowing gayly all in *réd*."

[R]

THE RAIN-LESSON.

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

"MOTHER, it rains!" and tears like rain fell down.
"O little daughter! see, the plants rejoice;
The rose-buds blush, and in your garden-bed
The drooping violets look so gladly up,
Blessing our God for rain. He knows what's best."

"Yes, mother, He knows everything; and so
He surely knows there's but one afternoon
In all the week that I can have from school;
And 'tis the third that I've had leave to go
And play with Mary, if it did not rain,
And gather wild flowers in her father's grove—
And now it rains again."

The mother took
The mourner on her knee, and kissed away
The blinding grief. And then she told her tales
Of the great Eastern deserts parched and dry,
And how the traveler 'mid the burning sands
Watches for rain-clouds with a fainting gaze;
And showed her pictures of the caravan,
And the poor camel with his outstretched neck
Longing for water.

And she told her, too,
Of the sad mother in the wilderness,
And the spent water-bottle—how she laid
Her darling son among the shrubs to die,
Bowing her head down that she might not see
The agony of the long death from thirst;
And how the blessed angel, when she prayed,
Showed her a crystal well to save her child.

And other stories from the Book of God
Breathed that kind teacher to the listening one,
And then they sang a hymn; and, full of joy,
She thanked her mother for the pleasant time,
And for her tender lessons.

So, that night,
Amid her simple prayer, they heard her say
Words of sweet praise to Him whose mercy gives
The blessed rain: "For now I know, O God,
What pleases Thee is best."

IN the first two verses of this beautiful poem, two persons are speaking—a little girl, who is somewhat inclined to fret; and her mother, who kindly teaches her that she ought not to feel displeased by the rain. Your voice should change from a child's fretful tone to the mother's sweet and patient manner.

When the child speaks the second time, the fretfulness has all vanished, and nothing but sadness is left. The rest of the piece should be spoken very smoothly, and with few breaks.

In the last verse, when the child speaks in her prayer, her sorrow, too, is fled, and the tone should be happy and peaceful.

THE LIGHTHOUSE.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

THE rocky ledge runs far into the sea,
And on its outer point, some miles away,
The lighthouse lifts its massive masonry—
A pillar of fire by night, of cloud by day.

Not one alone! from each projecting cape
And perilous reef along the ocean's verge
Starts into life a dim, gigantic shape,
Holding its lantern o'er the restless surge

Like the great giant Christopher, it stands
Upon the brink of the tempestuous wave,
Wading far out among the rocks and sands
The night-o'ertaken mariner to save.

The startled waves leap over it; the storm
Smites it with all the scourges of the rain,
And steadily against its solid form
Press the great shoulders of the hurricane.

And the great ships sail outward and return,
Bending and bowing o'er the billowy swells,
And, ever joyful as they see it burn,
They wave their silent welcomes and farewells.

They come forth from the darkness, and their sails
Gleam for a moment only, in the blaze,
And eager faces, as the light unveils,
Gaze at the tower, and vanish while they gaze.

"Sail on!" it says, "sail on, ye stately ships!
And with your floating bridge the ocean span;
Be mine to guard this light from all eclipse,
Be yours to bring man nearer unto map."

THIS selection is more difficult than the others in the same envelope, but it can be mastered by a bright girl or boy of ten or twelve. A few explanations are, perhaps, needed.

"Massive" means "heavy and solid"; "masonry" means "stonework"; "perilous" is "dangerous"; "verge" is another word for "edge"; "tempestuous waves" are "stormy waves"; "vanish" means "to go out of sight"; and "eclipse" means "darkness," or "hiding of a light."

Ask your teacher for an explanation of the last line of verse one, and for the story of the giant Christopher.

In the last verse, "Be mine" means "Let it be my business."

The last verse should be spoken with much earnestness and strength.

[T]

THE FAIRY QUEEN.

Come follow, follow me,
You fairy elves that be—
Which circle on the green,
Come follow Mab your queen.
Hand in hand let's dance around,
For this place is fairy-ground.

When mortals are at rest,
And snoring in their nest,
Unheard and unespied
Through key-holes we do glide;
Over tables, stools, and shelves,
We trip it with our fairy elves.

The grasshopper, gnat, and fly,
Serve for our minstrelsy;
Grace said, we dance awhile,
And so the time beguile;
And if the moon doth hide her head,
The glow-worm lights us home to bed.

On tops of dewy grass
So nimbly do we pass,
The young and tender stalk
Ne'er bends when we do walk:
Yet in the morning may be seen
Where we the night before have been.

THIS selection is a fairy song. There are a few hard words in it. "Elves" are "fairies"; "circle" means "to dance around in a ring"; "mortals" are "men," and when they are fast asleep the fairies "glide about through key-holes"; "unespied" means "unseen"; "we trip it" means "we dance"; "minstrelsy" means here "musicians"; "beguile" means "pass away pleasantly;" "nimble" means "quickly."

The piece should be spoken quite rapidly, and in a very gay and lively manner.

The "Fairy Queen" has been set to music, and, if a little girl should learn to sing it, it would have a fine effect among other recitations of a more sober kind.

I.

A LECTURE ON HORNET-LOGY.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: The animal to which I invite your attention on this occasion is the hornet. The word hornet is not derived from the Greek root "ornith." That is a different kind of bird.

The hornet is an inflammable buzzer. He is sudden in his impressions, and hasty in his conclusions—or end.

Hornets are long-lived. I do not know precisely how long their lives are; but I can state from observation that any crittur who is mad *all* the time, and stings every chance he can get, generally outlives all his neighbors.

The hornet has a long, black-and-yellow body, divided in the middle by a waist-spot. But the physical importance of this insect lies at the terminus of his sub-urb, in the shape of a javelin.

There hasn't been a hornet yet that was made in vain.

As to his courage, I will state, for the benefit of those who have not had a chance to pursue the study of hornet-ology, that one single hornet—who feels well—can break up a large camp-meeting.

The hornet is own cousin to the was-sip.

The only way to arrive at the exact fighting weight of a hornet is casually to approach the business end of his sub-urb.

I have stated that a portion of the hornet's anatomy is yellow. It is a striking fact that when a yellow hornet hits a man with his javelin, a tendency to yell "oh!" is at once perceived in the man.

The same is true of the was-sip.

Hornets build their nests of paper, without any windows. They have but one place of admission into the family circle.

The rest is cut up into just as many bedrooms as there are hornets.

I have never desired to enter the family circle. I never considered it conducive to vigor.

Hornets build their nests wherever they take a notion to, and they are seldom disturbed. For what would it profit a man to kill ninety-and-nine hornets and have the hundredth one hit him with his javelin?

HINTS ON DELIVERY.

THIS lecture may be made very effective by having a large picture of a hornet painted and hung in front of the audience.

Any boy can prepare such a picture. It should be about two feet long. Then the lecturer takes his place, pointer in hand, and remarks that he regrets his inability to present to his audience living specimens of his subject, but that, with the help of this diagram, he hopes to illustrate his observations.

The piece should be spoken slowly, and in a rather *hitching* manner, something as follows: "Ladies and—gentlemen: The—animal to which—I—invite your—attention on this occasion is the—hornet."

The utmost gravity, and even solemnity, must be maintained by the speaker.

II.

QUAKERDOM.

CHARLES G. HALPINE.

(A Formal Call.)

THROUGH her forced, abnormal quiet
 Flashed the soul of frolic riot,
 And a most malicious laughter lighted up
 Her downcast eyes;
 Yet in vain I tried each topic,
 Ranged from polar climes to tropic—
 Every commonplace I started met with
 Yes or No replies.

For her mother, stiff and stately,
 As if starched and ironed lately,
 Sat erect, with rigid elbows bedded
 Thus in curving palms.
 There she sat on guard before us,
 And, in words precise, decorous,
 And most calm, reviewed the weather,
 And recited several psalms.

When the butler, bowing lowly,
 Uttered clearly, stiffly, slowly,
 "Madam, please, the gardener wants you."
 "Heaven," I thought, "has heard my prayer."

"Pardon me," she grandly uttered.
 Bowing low, I gladly muttered,
 "Surely, madam"; and, relieved, I turned
 To scan the daughter's face.
 Ha! what pent-up mirth outflashes
 From beneath those penciled lashes!
 How the drill of Quaker custom yields to
 Nature's brilliant grace!

Brightly springs the prisoned fountain
 From the side of Delphi's mountain,
 When the stone that weighed upon its
 Buoyant life is thrust aside;
 So the long-enforced stagnation
 Of the maiden's conversation
 Now imparted fivefold brilliance to
 Its ever-varying tide.

Widely ranging, quickly changing,
 Witty, winning; from beginning
 Unto end I listened, merely flinging
 In a casual word.

II.—(*Continued.*)

Eloquent, and yet how simple !
Hand and eye and eddying dimple,
Tongue and lip together made a music
Seen as well as heard.

As when noonday woods are ringing,
All the birds of summer singing,
Suddenly there falls a silence, and.
 We know a serpent nigh ;
So upon the door a rattle
Stopped her animated prattle,
And the stately mother found
 Us prim enough to suit her eye.

HOW TO SPEAK IT.

THE quiet humor of this selection depends on no accessories of costume or dramatic action.

It must be delivered in a sprightly, wide-awake, and energetic manner, varied to suit the varying sentiment of the verses.

The speaker's manner while delivering the first stanza should indicate a world of suppressed frolic, which, though restrained, flashes out from the eyes, and finds expression in the vivacity of the voice and gesture.

During the recitation of the next stanza, on the contrary, be as "stiff and stately" as possible, showing by your own manner your conception of the Quaker mother.

Make a sharp transition in manner in stanza four at the word "Ha!"—from a sedate and demure bearing to an attitude of eager attention and of excited pleasure. Let the utterance be rapid, but clear, joyous, and distinct, increasing to its climax in the following stanza.

Make a decided pause before commencing the last stanza, and speak the first two lines smoothly and fluently. Stop abruptly with the word "Suddenly," and indicate alarm by your manner and half-whispered intonation. Close the recitation in a "prim and stately" style.

III.

THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT.

BEHOLD the mansion reared by dædal Jack !
 See the malt stored in many a plethoric sack,
 In the proud cirque of Ivan's bivouac !

Mark how the rats' felonious fangs invade
 The golden stores in John's pavilion laid !

Anon, with velvet foot and Tarquin strides,
 Subtle grimalkin to his quarry slices—
 Grimalkin grim that slew the fierce rodent
 Whose tooth insidious Johan's sackcloth rent.

Here walks forlorn the damsel, crowned with rue,
 Lactiferous spoils from vaccine dugs who drew
 Of that corniculate beast whose tortuous horn
 Tossed to the clouds, in fierce, vindictive scorn,
 The harrowing hound, whose braggart bark and stir
 Arched the lithe spine and reared the indignant fur
 Of puss, that, with verminicidal claw,
 Struck the weird rat, in whose insatiate maw
 Lay reeking malt that erst in Ivan's courts we saw.

Lo ! here with hirsute honors doffed, succinct
 Of saponaceous locks, the priest who linked
 In Hymen's golden bands the torn unthrift,
 Whose means exiguous stared from many a rift,
 Even as he kissed the virgin, all forlorn,
 Who milked the cow with implicated horn
 Who, in fine wrath, the canine torturer skied
 That dared to vex the insidious muricide
 Who let the auroral effluence through the pelt
 Of the sly rat that robbed the palace Jack had built.

The loud, cantankerous Shanghai comes at last,
 Whose shouts aroused the shorn ecclesiast
 Who sealed the vows of Heaven's sacrament
 To him who, robed in garments indigent,
 Exosculates the damsel lachrymose,
 The emulgator of that hornèd brute morose
 That tossed the dog that worried the cat
 That killed the rat that ate the malt
 That lay in the house that Jack built.

HINTS.

If this declamation could be illustrated by pictures of the house, the sack of malt, the rat, etc., it would be irresistible. Of course, the pictures need not be by Landseer; but they might be introduced as being "*after* Landseer."

Ivan and Johan are equivalent to John or Jack.

Cirque, pronounced *sirk*.

Grimalkin, pronounced *gri-mäl'kin*.

"Verminicidal" = vermin-killing.

"Hirsute honors doffed" = shaven.

"Succinct of saponaceous locks" = shorn.

• "Muricide" = rat-killer.

"Auroral effluence through the pelt" = daylight through the skin.

"Exosculates" = kisses.

"Lachrymose" = all forlorn (weeping).

"Emulgator" = milker.

Much of the force of this piece will depend on the thoroughness with which it is committed to memory.

To glibly glide along without hesitating at these awkward polysyllables will in itself provoke peals of laughter from your audience. Speak as if these words were your daily companions. This will require patience.

IV.

FISHING.

ONE morning when Spring was in her teens—
A morn to a poet's wishing,
All tinted in delicate pinks and greens—
Miss Bessie and I went fishing.

I in my rough and easy clothes,
With my face at the sunshine's mercy ;
She with her hat tipped down to her nose,
And her nose tipped *vice versa*.

I with my rod, my reel, and my hooks,
And a hamper for luncheon recesses ;
She with the bait of her comely looks,
And the seine of her golden tresses.

So we sat down on the sunny dike,
Where the white pond-lilies teeter ;
And I went to fishing like quaint old Ike,
And she like Simon Peter.

All the noon I lay in the light of her eyes,
And dreamily watched and waited ;
But the fish were cunning and would not rise,
And the baiter alone was baited.

And when the time for departure came,
The bag was as flat as a flounder ;
But Bessie had neatly hooked her game,
A hundred-and-eighty pounder.

NOTE.

NOTICE the contrast running through these verses between the manner of Miss Bessie's fishing and that of the hero. The voice must indicate this contrast by the inflection and emphasis of the words "I" and "she."

"Quaint old Ike"—a reference to "*Izaak Walton*," the angling philosopher.

"*Like Simon Peter*"—i. e., fishing for men.

V.

AN IRISH LETTER.

Tullymucclescrag, Parish of Ballyraggett, near Ballyslughgatheey,
Sunday (God bless us), 1864.

MY DEAR NEPHEW: I haven't sent ye a letther since the last time I wrote to ye, bekase we have moved from our former place of living, and I didn't know where a letther would find ye; but I now with pleasure take up me pin to inform ye of the death of yer own living uncle, Ned Fitzpatrick, who died very suddenly last week afther a lingering illness of six months. The poor fellow was in violent convulsions the whole time of his sickness, lying perfectly quiet, speechless, all the while talking incoherently, and crying for wather. I had no opportunity of informing ye of his death sooner, except I wrote to ye by the last post, which same went off two days before he died; and then ye would have postage to pay. I'm at a loss to tell what his death was occasioned by, but I fear it was by his last sickness, for he was niver well ten days together during the whole time of his confinement, and I believe his death was brought about by his aitin' too much of rabbit stuffed with pais and gravy, or pais and gravy stuffed with rabbit; but, be that as it may, when he brathed his last, the docther gave up all hope of his recovery. I needn't tell ye anything about his age, for ye well know that in March next he would have been just seventy-five years old lacking ten months, and, had he lived till that time, would have been just six months dead. His property now devolves to his next of kin, which all died some time ago, so that I expect it will be divided between us; and ye know his property, which was very large, was sold to pay his debts, and the remainder he lost at a horse-race; but it was the opinion of iverybody at the time that he would have won the race if the baste he run against hadn't been too fast for him.

Yer old sweetheart sinds her love unknownst to ye. When Jary McGhee arrives in America, ax him for this letther, and if he don't bring it from amongst the rest, tell him it's the one that spakes about yer uncle's death, and saled in black.

I remain yer affectionate ould grandmother.

BRIDGET O'HOOLEGOIN.

P. S.—Don't write till you resave this.

N. B.—When yez come to this place, stop, and don't rade any more until my next.

Direct to Larry O'Hoolegoin, late of the town of Tullymucclescrag, parish of Ballyraggett, near Ballyslughgatheey, County of Kilkenny, Ireland.

DIRECTIONS.

THIS letter should be copied on a sheet of foolscap paper and folded in some odd manner. Then it should be inclosed in a mammoth envelope, well covered with red seals.

The reader should come on the stage as if in haste from the post-office ; break the seals—open the letter to its fullest extent, and—read it. It must be read slowly for the most part, but it will be well to rattle off one or two of the longest sentences rapidly for variety. Of course, the reader will now and then hesitate before a humorous word, as if unable to decipher Mrs. O'Hooligo's chirography.

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VI.

HOW THE YANKEE ANSWERED THE ENGLISHMEN.

On the plains of New Jersey, one hot summer day,
Two Englishmen, snug in a stage-coach, were airing;
A Yankee, who happened to travel that way,
Took a seat by their side, and sat wondering and staring.

Brimful of importance (like every true Briton,
Who thinks that the Lion can outfly the Eagle),
These cockneys found nothing their optics could hit on
That began to compare with their island so regal.

Compared with the English, our horses were colts—
Our oxen were goats, and a sheep but a lamb,
And the people (poor blockheads) such pitiful dolts—
Mere Hottentot children, contrasted with them.

Our mountains were valleys; our apples were cherries;
Our rivers were drains; and our turkeys were wrens;
And the Englishmen sighed, "Oh, what small huckleberries!"
As they saw some ripe pumpkins just over the fence.

Just then a black cloud in the west was ascending;
The lightning flashed forth with a terrible glare;
While nearer and nearer, a tempest portending,
The thunder re-echoed and rolled through the air.

An oak by the wayside fell down with a crashing;
The lightning knocked horses and Englishmen flat.
"There! hang you!"—the Yankee exclaimed—his eyes flashing,
"Do you have better *thunder* in England than that?"

SUGGESTIONS.

A NARRATIVE like this needs to be spoken with the utmost distinctness and deliberation. You should intimate by the tones of your voice, from the beginning, that something of a humorous nature may be expected ; though you should preserve the strictest gravity yourself. In the first stanza, make prominent the words *New Jersey, Englishmen, stage-coach, Yankee, wondering, and staring.*

Prolong the word "*wondering*" to express the thought. Speak quietly and low.

In the second stanza, imitate the pompous manner of the Englishmen. In the third stanza make the contrast decided between *horses* and *colts*, *oxen* and *goats*, etc. Throughout the whole piece the voice is continually rising and falling, and this is therefore an excellent selection for drill in modulation.

When you come to the fifth stanza, make it as dramatic as you please. "Just then—a black *cloud* in the west was ascending ! The *lightning* flashed forth with a terrible glare !" Let the thunder fairly roll, and assist it by voice and gesture.

The climax is reached in the last stanza ; and you must rise to the occasion, your manner growing more and more animated, your gesticulation bolder, your voice louder, till you end, with great force, "Do you have better THUNDER in England than that ?"

VII.

PAT AND THE PIG.

WE have read of a Pat so financially flat,
 That he had neither money nor meat,
 And when hungry and thin it was whispered by sin
 That he ought to steal something to eat.

So he went to the sty of a widow near by,
 And he gazed on the tenant—poor soul!
 "Arrah, now thin," said he, "what a trate that'll be!"
 And the pig of the widow he stole.

In a feast he rejoiced—then confessed to a priest;
 For in spite of the pork and the lard,
 There was something within that was sharp as a pin,
 For his conscience was pricking him hard.

And the priest to him said, "You must not go to bed
 Till you pay for the pig you have taken,
 And thus, though you stole, you may still save your soul,
 And will also be saving your bacon."

Then "Presarve us!" said Pat, "I can niver do that—
 Not the ghost of a penny have I—
 And I'm wretched indade, if silver it nade,
 Any pace for me conscience to buy."

Then in sorrow he cried, and the priest he replied,
 "Only think how you'll tremble with fear,
 When the Judge you shall meet, at the great judgment-seat,
 And the widow you plundered while here."

"Will the widow be there?" whispered Pat with a stare;
 "And the pig? by me soul, is it throe?"
 "They will surely be there," said the priest, "I declare,
 And, O Patrick! what then will you do?"

"Many thanks," answered Pat, "for telling me that;
 May the blessings upon you be big!
 On that sittlemint-day to the widow I'll say,
 'Mrs. Flanigan, here is your pig!'"

HINTS ON DELIVERY.

THE suggestions for No. VI apply almost equally here. This selection is closely analogous to that in style. Emphasize, in the first verse, *money, meat, hungry, thin, and steal*. Be careful not to emphasize *sin* or *eat*. Much of the humor of the piece depends on your ability to imitate the Irish brogue. Speak the fourth verse in a dignified and stern manner.

The fifth must be delivered in a manner indicative of the greatest alarm and consternation. After the first word, "Then," you may give a sudden start, and throw up your hands in surprise. The last line of the verse speak very disconsolately.

The sixth stanza, of course, is like the fourth in manner and tone. Now Patrick catches a straw of hope, and, clasping his hands with intense eagerness, exclaims almost joyously, "Will the widow be there?"

The priest, not liking his sudden transition from sadness to unreasonable elation, replies still more sternly, "They will surely be there," etc.

Then Patrick divulges the secret of his exultation, and explains with much delight his plan for escaping punishment. Accompany the words "Many thanks" with a profound bow and "salaam"—raise your arm aloft as you say, "On that sittlemint-day." Make another profound salute on the words "Mrs. Flanigan"—followed by a gesture to the right, indicating the whereabouts of the long-lost animal.

VIII.

A RHYME OF THE TIME.

Miss Pallas Eudora von Blurky
She didn't know chicken from turkey;
High Spanish and Greek she could fluently speak,
But her knowledge of poultry was murky.

She could tell the great-uncle of Moses,
And the dates of the Wars of the Roses,
And the reasons of things—why the Indians wore rings
In their red, aboriginal noses!

Why Shakespeare was wrong in his grammar,
And the meaning of Emerson's "Brahma";
And she went chipping rocks with a little black box
And a small geological hammer.

She had views upon co-education,
And the principal needs of the nation;
And her glasses were blue, and the number she knew
Of the stars in each high constellation.

And she wrote in a handwriting clerky,
And she talked with an emphasis jerky,
And she painted on tiles in the sweetest of styles;
But she didn't know chicken from turkey!

THIRD SECTION

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IX.

THE SMACK IN SCHOOL.

J. W. PALMER.

A DISTRICT school, not far away,
Mid Berkshire hills, one winter's day
Was humming with its wonted noise
Of threescore mingled girls and boys;
Some few upon their tasks intent,
But more on furtive mischief bent,
The while the master's downward look
Was fastened on a copy-book,
When suddenly, behind his back,
Rose sharp and clear a rousing smack,
As 'twere a battery of bliss
Let off in one tremendous kiss.
"What's that?" the startled master cries;
"That, thir," a little imp replies,
"Wath William Willith, if you pleathe,
I thaw him kith Thuthanna Peathe!"
With frown to make a statue thrill,
The master thundered, "Hither, Will!"
Will hung his head in fear and shame,
And to the awful presence came.
With smile suppressed and birch upraised,
The threat'ner faltered: "I'm amazed
That you, my biggest pupil, should
Be guilty of an act so rude!
Before the whole set school, to boot—
What evil genius put you to't?"
"Twas she herself, sir," sobbed the lad,
"I didn't mean to be so bad;
But when Susannah shook her curls,
And whispered I was 'fraid of girls,
And dassent kiss a baby's doll,
I couldn't stand it, sir, at all,
But up and kissed her on the spot!
I know—boo-hoo!—I ought to not,
But somehow from her looks—boo-hoo!
I thought she kind o' wished me to!"

SUGGESTIONS.

SEE suggestions with No. VI. The first eight lines should be spoken in a smoothly fluent manner, with no unnecessary pauses, and in a quiet, natural tone of voice. This must be abruptly broken in the ninth line. Pause sharply after the word "suddenly," as if listening. Again, after "back." Repeat the next line very distinctly and slowly, bringing out the word "smack" with emphasis. The climax is reached on the word "kiss."

"What's that?" Speak suddenly, and as if in angry surprise.

The reply is lisped out in a half-frightened manner, but with a little undertone of merriment. When William's explanation commences, you must begin to sob, very gently at first, but more and more violently as you proceed, until you break entirely down in the third line from the end, and conclude in a violent fit of weeping aloud. You must be especially careful that your words are plainly spoken all this time. The whole effect of the piece depends on how well you can imitate a crying boy.

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X.

THE AMERICAN EAGLE.

MR. PRESIDENT: The eagle is a noble bird. The eagle is a noble bird, Mr. President. Mr. President, the eagle is a noble bird.

With one foot firmly planted on the summit of the Rocky Mountains, and the other cooled alternately in the foaming waves of the Atlantic Ocean and the placid bosom of the Pacific Sea—the eagle, Mr. President, is a noble bird.

His eye is undazzled by the full radiance of the noonday sun, and unterrified by the pale glory of the moon.

When clouds of war have darkened our national horizon, and angry flashes of vindictive hate have shot from their murky depths—when the thunders of contention have rolled over our heads, and the gloom of anarchy has threatened to inshroud us in eternal night, then the song of the American eagle has risen clear and tremulous above the roar of cannon and the “clash of resounding arms”—and, Mr. President—the eagle is a noble bird!

When peace has spread her wings of silver over the land, when the smoke of the conflict has cleared away, and the sun once more has shone forth in glory, then have we ever beheld our national bird, still sitting, with one foot firmly planted on the crest of the Rocky Mountains, and the other clasping in its curving claws the olive-branch of reconciliation.

The eagle is a noble bird. The eagle is a noble bird, Mr. President.

Mr. President, the eagle is a noble bird.

HINTS.

THE fun of this selection lies in its absolute nonsense. This must be contrasted sharply with a most serious manner on the part of the speaker. You must speak each sentence as if it were of weighty import. Pause, after the address to the president, to indicate that something important is to follow. When all are attentive, say solemnly and with a wide outstretching of both arms, "The eagle is a noble bird!" Then pause again. Repeat the same manner and gesture in the two following sentences.

The orotund tone of voice should be used throughout.

This piece may also be spoken in a broken, hesitating, frightened manner, to illustrate the first attempt of some timid speaker or schoolboy, and will be found very funny in that way.

XI.

BILLY'S FIRST AND LAST DRINK OF LAGER.

["Poy Pilly" was the adopted son of Father Zende, an eccentric Teuton, who was much shocked one day at seeing the boy in a lager-beer saloon, taking off a foaming glass of lager. He bade the boy go home, but said nothing about the matter till evening. After tea, Zende seated himself at the table, and placed before him a variety of queer things, whereon Billy looked with curiosity.]

"KOMMEN zie hier, Pilly!" cried Christian. "Vy vast du in te peer-shops te tay, hein? Vy drinks peer, mein poy?"

"Oh—oh—because it's good," said Billy, boldly.

"No, Pilly, it vast not gute to dein mout. I did see neffer so pig vaces als didst make, Pilly. Pilly, you dinks it will dast gute py-ant-py, and it ees like a man to trinks, an' so you trinks. Now, Pilly, eef it is gute, haf it; ef it ees likes ein man, trinks, Pilly. I will not hindere you vrom vat ees gute ant manly, mein shilt; but trinks at home, dakes your trink pure, Pilly, and lets me pays vor it. Kom, mein poy! You likes peer. Vell, kom, open dein mout, heir I haf all te peer stuff simons pure vrom te schops, mein poy. Kom, opens dein mout, ant I will puts it een."

Billy drew near, but kept his mouth close shut. Said Zende: "Don you makes me madt, Pilly! Opens dein mout!"

Thus exhorted, Billy opened his mouth, and Christian put a small bit of alum in it. Billy drew up his face, but boys can stand alum. After a little, Christian cried, "Opens dein mout, peer ist not all alums!" And he dropped in a bit of aloes. This was worse. Billy winced. Again, "Opens dein mout!" The least morsel of red pepper, now, from a knife-point; but Billy howled.

"Vat! not likes dein peer!" said Zende. "Opens dein mout!" Just touched now with a knife-point dipped in oil of turpentine. Billy began to cry. "Opens dein mout; dein peer is not hafs mate yet, Pilly!" And Billy's tongue got the least dusting of lime, and potash, and saleratus. Billy now cried loudly. "Opens dein mout!" Unlucky Billy! This time about a grain of liquorice, hop-pollen, and saltpeter.

"Looks, Pilly! Here ist some arsenic, and some strychnine; dese pelongs in te peer. Opens dein mout!"

"I can't, I can't!" roared Billy. "Arsenic and strychnine are to kill rats! I shall die!—oh!—oh!—oh!—do you want to kill me, Father Zende!"

"Kills him; joost py ein leetle peer! all gute and pure! He dells me he likes peer, and eet ees manly to trinks eet, and ven I gives heem te peer he cries I kills eem! So, Pilly, heir is water; dere ist mooch water in peer—trinks dat!"

Billy drank the water eagerly. Zende went on: "Ant, dere is mooch alcohol in peer. Heir! opens dein mout!" and he dropped four

XI.—(Continued.)

drops of raw spirit carefully on his tongue. Billy went dancing about the room, and then ran for more water.

"Kommen zie heir, dein peer ist not done, Pilly," shouted Christian; and, seizing him, he put the cork of an ammonia-bottle to his lips, then a drop of honey, a taste of sugar, a drop of molasses, a drop of gall; then, "Pilly! heir is more of dein peer! Heir ist jalap, copperas, sulphuric acid, acetic acid, and nux vomica: opens dein mout!"

"Oh, no, no!" mourned Billy. "Let me go! I hate beer! I'll never drink any more! I'll never go in that shop again; I'll be a good boy—I'll sign the pledge. Oh, let me be! I can't eat those things! I'll die. My mouth tastes awful, now. Oh, take 'em away, Father Zende!"

"Dakes em away! dakes away dein goot peer!" cried the old man, innocently, "ven I hafs paid vor eet, ant mein Pilly can trinks eet pure at his home, likes ein shentilman! Vy, poy, dese ist te makins of peer, ant you no likes dem? All dese honey, ant sugar, ant vater, poy?"

NOTES.

ANYBODY, who can catch the rich German brogue, will have a rare opportunity of convulsing his audience with this piece.

It would add to the effect to have the speaker dressed in an old study-gown, with a long Dutch pipe in the side of his mouth, and a tall peaked cap on his head. Let him be seated by a table having various little boxes and glasses on it. Have a small and intelligent boy to take the part of "Pilly," and taste the various substances. Of course, "Pilly" makes all sorts of wry faces, and struggles to get away from the rigorous treatment of good Father Zende.

Shilt = child, and is pronounced *shilt*.

XII.

THE FIRST BANJO.

Go way, fiddle!—folks is tired o' hearin' you a-squeakin',
Keep silence fur yo' betters—don't you heah de banjo speakin' ?
About de 'possum's tail she's gwine to lecter—ladies, listen !—
About de ha'r what isn't dar, an' why de ha'r is missin' :

"Dar's gwine to be a oberflow," said Noah, lookin' solemn—
For Noah tuk the "Herald," an' he read de ribber column—
An' so he sot his hands to work a-cl'arin' timber-patches,
An' 'lowed he's gwine to build a boat to beat de steameh "Natchez."

Ol' Noah kep' a-nailin', an' a-chippin', an' a-sawin' ;
An' all de wicked neighbors kep' a-laughin' an' a-pshawin' ;
But Noah didn't min' 'em—knowin' whut wuz gwine to happen :
An' forty days an' forty nights de rain it kep' a-drappin'.

Now, Noah had done cotched a lot ob eb'ry sort o' beas'es—
Ob all de shows a-trabbelin', it beat 'em all to pieces !
He had a Morgan colt, an' seb'ral head o' Jarsey cattle—
An' druv 'em 'board de Ark as soon's he heered de thunder rattle.

De Ark she kep' a-sailin', an' a-sailin', an' a-sailin' ;
De lion got his dander up, an' like to bruk de palin'—
De sarpints hissed—de painters yelled—tell, what wid all de fussin',
You c'u'dn't hardly heah de mate a-bossin' 'roun' an' cussin'.

Now, Ham, de only nigger whut wuz runnin' on de packet,
Got lonesome in de barber-shop, an' couldn't stan' de racket ;
An' so, for to amuse he-se'f, he steamed some wood an' bent it,
An' soon he had a banjo made—de fust dat wuz invented.

XII.—(Continued.)

He wet de ledder, stretched it on; made bridge, an' screws, an' apron;
An' fitted in a proper neck—'twuz berry long an' tap'rin';
He tuk some tin, an' twisted him a thimble for to ring it;
An' den de mighty question riz, how wuz he gwine to string it?

De 'possum had as fine a tail as dis dat I's a-singin';
De ha'rs so long, an' thick, an' strong,—des fit for banjo-stringin';
Dat nigger shaved 'em off as short as wash-day-dinner graces;
An' sorted ob 'em by de size, from little E's to basses.

He strung her, tuned her, struck a jig—twuz "Nebber min' de Wed-
der"—

She soun' like forty-lebben bands a-playin' all togedder;
Some went to pattin', some to dancin'; Noah called de figgers—
An' Ham he sot an' knocked de tune, de happiest ob niggers!

Now, sence dat time—it's mighty strange—dere's not de slightes'
showin'

Ob any ha'r at all upon de 'possum's tail a-growin'.

•

XIII.

THE PANORAMA.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: In the foreground over there ye'll observe Vinegar Hill, and shud ye be goin' boy that way some day, yer moight be fatigued, and if yer are yer'll find at the fut o' the hill a nate little cot kept boy a man named McCarty, who boy the way is a foine lad.

I see by the hasp on the door that McCarty's out, or I'd tak yez in an' introduce yer.

(Move the crank, James. Music be the bagpipes, Larry.)

Ladies and gentlemen, we have now arrived at another beautiful shpot situated about thirteen an' a half moiles this side o' Corruk. This is a grate place for shportsmen, an' phile shtoppin' thare onct, the followin' tilt of a conversation occurred betwixt Mr. Muldooney and mesilf:

I says to him "Waiter!" says I, "Mully, my dear," says I, "will you have the kindness to fetch me in the mustard?" an' he was a long time bringin' it, and I opportuned him for kapin' me waitin'; an' says he to me, says he, "Mr. McCune" (that's me), "Mr. McCune," says he, "I notice that yer ate a grate deal o' mustard wid yer mate." "I, do," says I. Says he, "I notice," he says, "that yees take a grate deal of mate wid yer mustard." (Move the crank, James. Music be the bagpipes, Larry.)

Ladies and gentlemen, before I close my panarrammer I'll show you wan more picture.

While travelin' in the United States some years ago, I took the cars for Chin-chin-natty, Shtate of Ohio, on me way from Montreal and Que-bee-que in Canady, down the River Saint Larry-o-mae, till a place called Buff-lo, till I came to a place cilebrated for its great fall of wather and named Niagara.

While passin' by the falls wan evenin', I overheard the followin' remarks pass between a lady and gentleman: Says he to her, says he, "Mary Ann," says he, "casht yer eyes up on that lidge of rocks and consider that vast body of wather a-rushin' down over that pricipice. Isn't that a foine curiosity?"

"I know dhat," says she, "but fou'dent it be a grather curiosity ef they'd all turn around and pass back again?"

(James, turn the crank. Larry, give us "Home, Swate Home.")

While Larry gives us "Home, Swate Home," I will show ye the cook gatherin' shticks for the evenin' male. Nothin' is more suggestive of home than the fire on the harth-shtone.

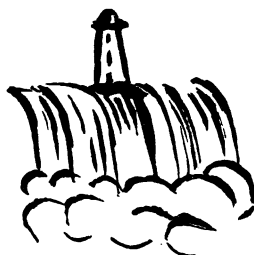
Here she is, bending over after a shmall bit of a fagot, to bile the peratees.

(James, wind up the canviss. No more o' them bagpipes, Larry.)

HINTS FOR DELIVERY.

WHILE this selection will prove sufficiently humorous under any circumstances, its effect might be much heightened if a rude panorama or moving picture were extemporized to accompany it. Procure several yards of cheap cotton cloth and two large rollers. (Two kegs could easily be fitted on axles.) On the "canvas" let the hill and little cot be roughly outlined with colored crayon. The second picture is of an inn frequented by sportsmen, and may be like the accompanying sketch. Let the lecturer explain that this is the inn. The hunter has just entered, and the barrel of his gun, which is over his shoulder, may be seen entering the door. His dog has passed entirely within, excepting his tail, which appears below.

For the third picture, "Niagara," a few lines will suffice as follows :



For the final scene, this simple illustration will prove irresistible. The lecturer will explain how the old lady is bending over *the other way*.



A jew's-harp will do for bagpipes.

XIV.

THE AGED STRANGER.

"I was with Grant," the stranger said.
Said the farmer, "Say no more,
But rest thee here at my cottage-porch,
For thy feet are weary and sore."

"I was with Grant," the stranger said.
Said the farmer, "Nay, no more;
I prithee sit at my frugal board,
And eat of my humble store."

"How fares my boy, my soldier boy,
Of the old Ninth Army Corps?
I warrant, he bore him gallantly
In the smoke and the battle's roar!"

"I knew him not," said the aged man,
"And, as I remarked before,
I was with Grant—" "Nay, nay, I know,"
Said the farmer, "say no more."

"He fell in battle—I see, alas!
Thou'dst smooth these tidings o'er;
Nay, speak the truth, whate'er it be,
Though it rend my bosom's core!"

"How fell he—with his face to the foe,
Upholding the flag he bore?
Oh, say not that my boy disgraced
The uniform that he wore!"

"I can not tell," said the aged man,
"And should have remarked before
That I was with Grant, in Illinois,
Some three years before the war."

Then the farmer spake him never a word,
But he beat with his fist full sore
That aged man, who had worked for Grant
Some three years before the war.

SUGGESTIONS.

If the last selection depended largely on dramatic surroundings for its effect, this poem must rely mainly on the elocutionary skill of the speaker. The farmer is thinking only of his long-lost boy. His voice is full of emotion.

There must be no suggestion to the audience by tone or face that there is to be anything of a humorous nature in the whole piece. The laugh is caused by the sudden and unexpected turn in the last stanza. Speak the piece, therefore, with deep feeling, which increases in intensity till it finds its climax in the sixth stanza, "Oh, say not that my boy disgraced the uniform that he wore!"

The next verse, repeat in a somewhat sullen, dogged manner; the last with much spirit.

XV.

TO THE SEXTON.

A appeal for are to the sextant of the old brick meetin'-house.

O SEXTANT of the meetin'-house, wich sweeps,
 And dusts, or is supposed too! and makes fires,
 And lites the gas, and sumtimes leaves a screw loose,
 In wich case it smells orful—worse than lamp-ile;
 And wrings the Bel, and toles it when men dyes,
 To the grief of survivin' pardners, and sweeps paths;
 And for the servases gets \$100 per annum,
 Wich them that thinks dear let 'em try it;
 Gettin' up before starlite in all wethers, and
 Kindlin' fiers when the wether is as cold
 As zero, and like as not green wood for kindlers;
 I wouldn't be hired to do it for no some—
 But, o Sextant, there are one commodity
 Wich's more than gold, wich don't cost nothin',
 Worth more than anything except the sole of Mann!
 I mean pewer are, Sextant, i mean pewer Are!
 O it is so plenty out o' doors, so plenty it don't
 No what on airth tew dew with itself, but flies
 About scatterin' leaves and blowin' off men's hats,
 But, o Sextant, in our Church it's scarce as piety;
 Scarce as bank bills when agints beg for missions,
 Wich sum says is pretty often ('tain't nothin' to me,
 Wat I give ain't nothin' to nobody). But, o Sextant
 U shut 500 men, wimmen, and children,
 Specially the latter, up in a tite place,
 But every 1 on 'em breathes in and out and out and in,

XV.—(*Continued.*)

Say 50 times a minnit, or 1 million and $\frac{1}{2}$ breaths an hour;
Now how long will a church full of are last at that rate?
I ask you. Say 15 minnits; and then wats to be did?
O sextant, don't you know our lungs is belluses
To blow the fier of life and keep it from
Goin' out; and how can belluses blow without wind?
And ain't wind *are*? I put it to your conscience.
Are is the same to us as milk to babes,
Or water is to fish, or pendulums to clox,
Or little pills unto an omepath,
Or boys to girls. Are is for us to breathe.
What signifies who preaches if I can't breathe?
Wat's Pol? Wat's Pollus, to sinners who are ded?
Ded for want of breath. Why, Sextant, when we
Dye, it's only coz we can't breathe no more—that's all.
And now, o Sextant, let me beg of you
2 let a little are into our church.
(Fewer are is sertin proper for the pews.)
It ain't much trouble—Only make a hole
And the are will come in of itself.
It loves to come in wharc it can git warm,
And o how it will rouse the people up,
And sperrit up the preacher, and stop garps,
And yawns and figgets as effectooal
As wind on the dry Boans the Proffit tells of.

XVI.

THE LOST HEIR.

O Lord! oh, dear! my heart will break; I shall go stick, stark, staring wild!

Has ever a one seen anything about the streets like a crying, lost-looking child?

The last time as ever I see him, poor thing, was with my own, blessed, motherly eyes, sitting as good as gold in the gutter, a-playing at making little dirt-pies.

I wonder he left the court, where he was better off than all the other young boys, with two bricks, an old shoe, nine oyster-shells, and a dead kitten, by way of toys.

La, bless you, good folks! mind your own consarns, and don't be making a mob in the street.

O Sergeant McFarlane! You haven't come across my poor, little boy, have you, in your beat?

He'd a very good jacket, for certain, for I bought it myself for a shilling one day in Rag Fair.

And his trousers, considering not very much patched and red plush, they was once his father's best pair.

He'd a goodish sort of a hat, if the crown was sewed in, and not quite so much jagged at the brim.

With one shoe on, and the other shoe is a boot, and not a fit, and you'll know by that if it's him.

And then he has got such dear, winning ways, but oh! I never, never shall see him no more!

Oh, dear! to think of losing him just after nussing him back from Death's door!

Billy! Where are you, Billy, I say? Come, Billy, come home to your best of mothers.

I'm scared when I think of them cabrolays, they drive so, they'd run over their own sisters and brothers.

Oh! I'd give the whole wide world, if the world was mine, to clap my two longing eyes on his little face.

For he's my darlin' of darlin's, and if he don't soon come back, you'll see me drop stone-dead on the place.

I only wish I'd got him safe in these two motherly arms, and wouldn't I hug him and kiss him!

Lawk! I never knew what a precious he was—but a child don't not feel like a child till you miss him.

Why, there he is! Punch and Judy hunting the young wretch, it's that Billy as sartin as sin!

But let me get him home, with a good grip of his hair, and I'm blest if he shall have a whole bone in his skin!

THIRD SECTION

SUGGESTIONS.

THIS extravagantly laughable piece is the best effort. It is well adapted to a

It must be spoken with utter self-given with a rich brogue.

The voice at times rises almost to a wail, it sinks to a mournful wail.

It is full of sudden transitions, and suddenly breaks off from her lamentation fiercely upon the bystanders with "I folks, mind your own consarns!" and turns imploringly to Sergeant McFadden all when her motherly anxiety changes to indignation as she discovers her truant son. This is one of the few declamations spoken rapidly.

XVII.

THE COURTIN'.

God makes sech nights, all white an' still
Fur'z you can look or listen,
Moonshine an' snow on field an' hill,
All silence an' all glisten.

Zekle crep' up quite unbeknown
An' peeked in thru' the winder,
An' there sot Huldy all alone,
'ith no one nigh to hender.

The very room, coz she was in,
Seemed warm from floor to ceilin',
An' she looked full ez rosy agin
Ez the apples she was peelin'.

'Twas kin' o' kingdom-come to look
On sech a blessed cretur,
A dog rose blushin' to a brook
Ain't modester nor sweeter.

He'd sparked it with full twenty gals,
Hed squired 'em, danced 'em, druv 'em,
Fust this one, an' then thet, by spells—
All is, he couldn't love 'em.

But long o' her his veins 'ould run
All crinkly like curled maple,
The side she breshed felt full o' sun
Ez a south slope in Ap'il.

She thought no v'ice hed sech a swing
Ez hisn in the choir;
My! when he made Ole Hundred ring,
She *knowed* the Lord was nigher.

An' she'd blush scarlit, right in prayer,
When her new meetin'-bunnet
Felt somehow thru' its crown a pair
O' blue eyes sot upon it.

XVII.—(Continued.)

He kin' o' l'itered on the mat,
Some doubtfe o' the sekle,
His heart kep' goin' pity-pat,
But hern went pity Zekle.

An' yit she gin her cheer a jerk
Ez though she wished him funder,
An' on her apples kep' to work,
Parin' away like murder.

"You want to see my Pa, I s'pose?"
"Wal no I come dasignin'"
"To sec my Ma? She's sprinklin' clo'es
Agin to-morrer's i'nin'."

He stood a spell on one foot fust,
Then stood a spell on t' other,
An' on which one he felt the wust
He couldn't ha' told ye nuther.

Says he, "I'd better call agin";
Says she, "Think likely, Mister":
Thet last word pricked him like a pin,
An' wal, he up an' kist her.

When Ma bimeby upon 'em slips,
Huldy sot pale ez ashes,
All kin' o' smily roun' the lips
An' teary roun' the lashes.

The blood clost roun' her heart felt glued
Too tight for all expressin',
Tell mother see how metters stood,
An' gin 'em both her blessin'.

WE think that any suggestions regarding the delivery of this selection would be superfluous. Any boy with the slightest grain of sentiment can not fail of rendering it with true pathos, if he will only be perfectly natural.

XVIII.

ECHO.

I ASKED of Echo, t'other day,
Whose words are few and often funny,
What to a novice she could say
Of courtship, love, and matrimony;
Quoth Echo, plainly, "Matter-o'-money."

Whom should I marry? Should it be
A dashing damsel, gay and pert,
A pattern of inconstancy,
Or selfish, mercenary flirt?
Quoth Echo sharply, "Nary flirt!"

What if, aweary of the strife
That long has lured the dear deceiver,
She promise to amend her life
And sin no more; shall I believe her?
Quoth Echo, very promptly, "Leave her!"

But if some maiden with a heart
On me should venture to bestow it,
Pray should I act the wiser part
To take the treasure, or forego it?
Quoth Echo, with decision, "Go it!"

But what if, seemingly afraid
To bind her fate in Hymen's fetter,
She vow she means to die a maid,
In answer to my loving letter?
Quoth Echo, rather coolly, "Let her!"

But if some maid with beauty blest,
As pure and fair as Heaven can make her,
Will share my labor and my rest,
Till envious death shall overtake her?
Quoth Echo, *sotto voce*, "Take her!"

PAUSE in each stanza, before Echo's reply, and utter that, in the same tone—though not so loud—as the words with which it rhymes.

XIX.

ZWEI LAGER.

DER night vas dark as any ding,
 Ven at my door two vellers ring,
 Und say, ven I asked who vas dhere,
 "Git up und git"—und den dey schvear—
 "Zwei lager."

I says: "Tis late; shust leaf mine house,
 Und don'd be making such a towse!"
 Dey only lauft me in der face,
 Und say, "Pring oudt, 'Old Schweitzer-kase,'
 Zwei lager."

I told dem dot der beer vas oudt;
 But dose two shaps set oup a shoudt,
 Und said no matter if 'twas late,
 Dot dey moost haf "Put on der schlate,
 Zwei lager."

"Oh! go away, dot is goot poys,"
 Mine moder says, "und schtop der noise."
 But schtill dem vellers yelt away,
 Und dis vas all dot dey vould say—
 "Zwei lager."

"Vot makes you gome," mine daughter said,
 "Ven beoples all vas in deir ped?
 Schust gome to-morrow, ven you're dry."
 But dem two plackguards still did cry,
 "Zwei lager."

XIX.—(*Continued.*)

"Vot means you by sooch dings as dese?
I go und calls for der boleese,"
Says Uncle Hans, who lifs next door;
Dey only yelt more as pefore—
"Zwei lager."

"You schust holdt on a leedle vile,"
Says mine Katrina, mit a schmile;
"I fix dose shaps, you pet my life,
So dey don'd ask of Pfeiffer's vife—
'Zwei lager.'"

Den righd away she got a peese
Of goot und shtrong old Limburg sheese,
Und put it schust outside der door;
Und den ve didn't hear no more—
"Zwei lager!"

XX.

PIANO-MUSIC.

FIRST a soft and gentle tinkle,
Gentle as the rain-drop's sprinkle,
Then a stop,
Fingers drop.
Now begins a merry trill,
Like a cricket in a mill;
Now a short, uneasy motion,
Like a ripple on the ocean.
See the fingers dance about,
Hear the notes come tripping out;
How they mingle in the tingle
Of the everlasting jingle,
Like to hailstones on a shingle,
Or the ding-dong, dangle-dingle
Of a sheep-bell!—Double, single,
Now they come in wilder gushes,
Up and down the player rushes,
Quick as squirrels, sweet as thrushes.
Now the keys begin to clatter
Like the music of a platter
When the maid is stirring batter.
O'er the music comes a change,
Every tone is wild and strange:
Listen to the lofty tumbling,
Hear the mumbling, fumbling, jumbling,
Like the rumbling and the grumbling
Of the thunder from its slumbering
Just awaking. Now it's taking
To the quaking, like a fever-and-ague shaking
Heads are aching, something's breaking—
Goodness gracious! Ain't it wondrous,
Rolling round above and under us,
Like old Vulcan's stroke so thunderous?
Now 'tis louder, but the powder
Will be all exploded soon;
For the only way to do,
When the music's nearly through,
Is to muster all your muscle for a bang,
Striking twenty notes together with a clang:
Hit the treble with a twang,
Give the bass an awful whang,
And close the whole performance
With a slam—bang—whang!

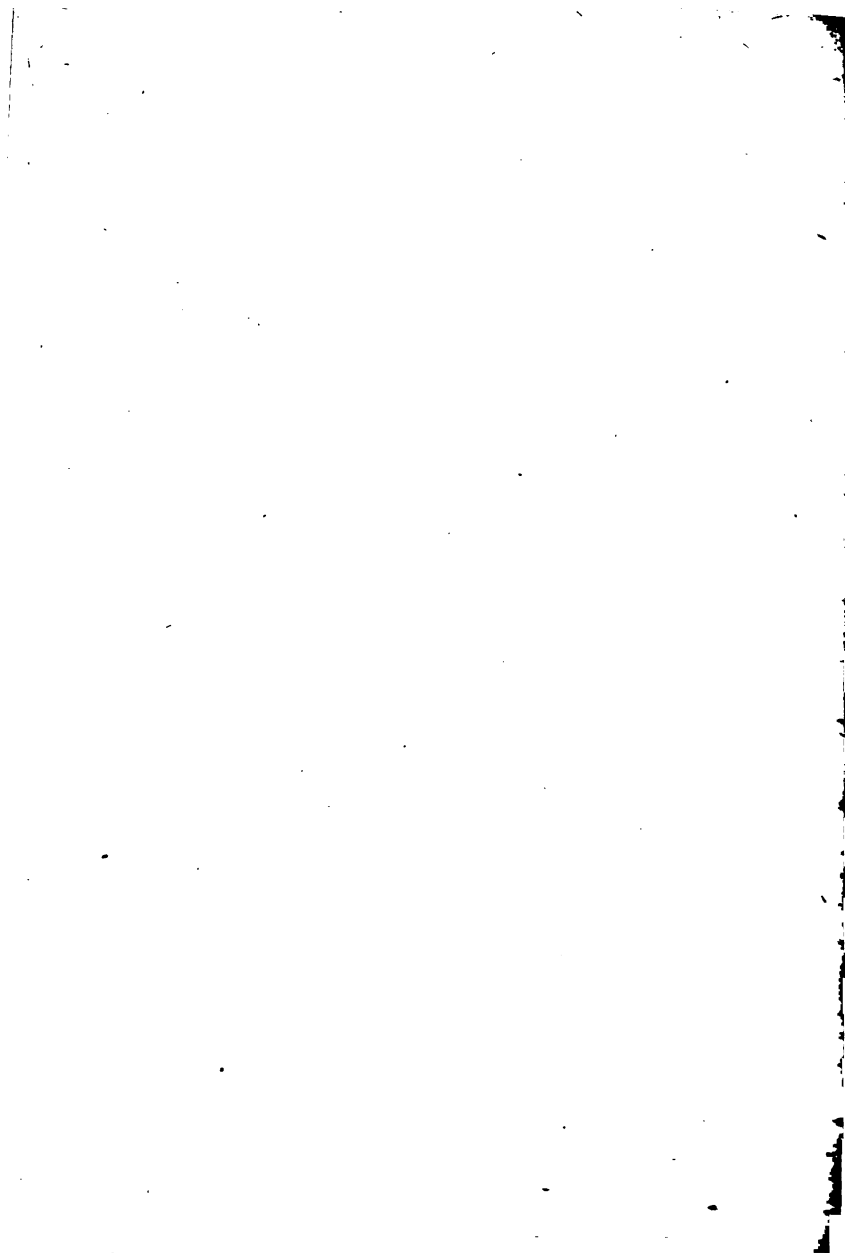
HINTS.

LET the voice follow the sense. First soft and gentle, then *staccato*, then merrily tripping over the words. In fact, each line of the poem contains full directions for its own delivery. The more rapid the flow of words, the more clear and particular must be your articulation.

If the piece is well rendered, it will produce a most striking and ludicrous imitation of operatic piano-playing.



DIALOGUES



INTRODUCTION.

NONE of these dialogues requires unusual costume. Of course, the effect produced by such dialogues as "The Grid-iron" and "Joseph II and the Grenadier" would be heightened if Pat were to wear a gay waistcoat and have a short clay-pipe in his mouth, and if the Emperor should have, under an outer cloak, a rich suit becoming his rank, which might be displayed at the *dénouement*; and a dressing-gown and slippers would help distinguish the students in Nos. III, V, and IX. But the absence of costume will not be felt if the speakers enter into their parts with spirit.

The most common fault with boys who speak dialogues is a sort of stiffness. They are apt to speak as if they were reciting a lesson.

Try, as far as possible, to forget that you are speaking words which you have learned. Imagine yourselves, for the time, to be the persons whom you represent. At least, imagine that you are speaking your own sentiments, and speak as if you were talking.

Be careful, however, to speak so loudly and distinctly that all may hear. Nothing is so tame as a mumbled dialogue.

Let your movements and attitudes be natural. Watch two boys as they talk together. Notice their earnest gesticulations, their careless positions, their easy motions. Imitate them as you speak. Do not stand stiffly in one place, nor even so still as if declaiming.

In No. I, for example, Charles and Frank may come walking easily into the room; Charles may drop into a convenient chair, while Frank may lean against the window. When Charles asks what book his companion has, Frank may take it from under his arm and toss it to him. Charles, in replying, may slap the book down on the table by way of emphasis. He need not feel obliged to look at Frank every moment, but may stand, now looking out of the window, then looking over Frank's shoulder at the book, and again throw himself into a chair, and if he likes tip it back.

In a word, in this and the other dialogues, *be natural*. Do not feel obliged, always, to answer your companion instantly. Take time, occasionally, as if to consider what you had better say to him. At other times, especially if you are to contradict him, speak suddenly and sharply.

For the rest, we must refer you to the general directions for speaking, which accompany Nos. I and II of "PIECES TO SPEAK."

I.

WHAT IS THE USE OF LATIN?

[SCENE—A School-room. Enter CHARLES and FRANK.]

C. Well, old fellow! how does it seem to be back at school again?

F. I don't know. I should not object to a little more vacation—say five or six years! But I suppose, after we get down to our steady work, Christmas will be here before we know it.

C. What book is that?

F. This? This is old Kaiser!*

C. I thought you were going to drop Latin if I would.

F. So I was, but father has persuaded me to stick to it. He says I will like it after a while.

C. All right! "For those that like that sort of thing, I suppose it is about the sort of thing they like!"

F. Much of the finest poetry and oratory is written in Latin.

C. (*sarcastically*). Yes! Here's a specimen (*reading*): "*A certain woman had a hen, which laid for her each day a golden egg. So she carried her, in the expectation of a gallinaceous gold-mine, but found nothing within, save what it is customary to find in hens*"! How is that for poetry?

F. Nonsense, Charlie! You know as well as I that that is only the Latin primer. A young Roman wouldn't find anything so sensible as that in an English primer!

C. What do you mean?

F. (*dramatically*). "*Ann has a tin box. The—pig—is—in—the—pen. Will—the—pig—write—with—the—pen?*" How is that for English literature? You might as well judge Shakespeare and Milton by that stuff, as Virgil and Cicero by the fables in your Reader.

C. That's true enough. But what can you do with Latin, anyway?

F. Father says that's not the question.

C. What is the question, then?

F. What will Latin do with me?

C. What will it do? Give a fellow a headache?

F. That depends on the fellow, and what he studies.

I.—(Continued.)

C. How so?

F. Some fellows study the wrong verbs.

C. Are there headache verbs?

F. So father says.

C. What are they?

F. The principal parts of some boys' learning are: *Gor-mand-izo*, I stuff myself; *Guzzle-ire*, I drink too much; *Snooze-ivi*, I slept too late; and *F'lunkum*, to know nothing.

C. (laughing). There's something in that! I believe very few of us are hurt by hard study. But you haven't told me yet what Latin *will* do for a boy.

F. I can tell better after I try it; but, for one thing, it will help him understand his own language. It was only this morning that I noticed the word *malaria*. *Malus*, bad, and *aër*, air—bad air.

C. Good enough! And there's *restaurant*. *Res*, a thing, and *taurus*, a bull. *Restaurant*, a bully thing.

F. Oh, drop your jokes! Another thing Latin will do, is to give a fellow the power of close attention, and a nice use of words.

C. What else?

F. Good for the memory.

C. What else?

F. There are a great many Latin quotations in books and papers.

C. That's so, and one hates to skip them. Only the other day I read that a Vassar girl exclaimed, "*Hic-hæc-hoc; hug-us—hug-us—hug-us*." I had to skip it. I didn't know what it meant!

F. Another thing—we've begun the study, and I hate to back down.

C. So do I. I believe in stick-tuition myself.

F. More than all, I have faith in father's judgment.

C. My father wants me to keep on, too.

F. I wish you would. Let's keep together!

C. Well, I'll *musa-musæ* on it, and on the whole I think I will *do-i, do-isti, do it!*

[*Exeunt.*]

II.

MARK TWAIN AND A REPORTER.

REPORTER. Hoping it's no harm, I've come to interview you.

MARK TWAIN. Come to what?

"Interview you."

"Ah! I see. Yes—yes. Um! Yes—yes" (*going to the bookcase and looking in a dictionary*). "How do you spell it?"

"Spell what?"

"Interview."

"I-n, in, t-e-r, ter, inter"—

"Then you spell it with an I?"

"Why, certainly!"

"Oh, that is what took me so long!"

"Why, my dear sir, what did *you* propose to spell it with?"

"Well, I—I—I hardly know. I had the Unabridged; and I was ciphering around in the back end, hoping I might tree her among the pictures. But it's a very old edition."

"Why, my friend, they wouldn't have a *picture* of it in even the latest e— My dear sir, I beg your pardon, I mean no harm in the world; but you do not look as—as—intelligent as I had expected you would. No harm—I mean no harm at all."

"Oh, don't mention it! It has often been said, and by people who would not flatter, that I am quite remarkable in that way. Yes—yes: they always speak of it with rapture."

"I can easily imagine it. But about this interview. You

II.—(Continued.)

know it is the custom, now, to interview any man who has become notorious."

"Indeed! I had not heard of it before. It must be very interesting. What do you do it with?"

"Ah, well—well—well—this is disheartening. It *ought* to be done with a club, in some cases; but customarily it consists in the interviewer asking questions, and the interviewed answering them. It is all the rage now. Will you let me ask you certain questions calculated to bring out the salient points of your public and private history?"

"Oh, with pleasure—with pleasure! I have a very bad memory; but I hope you will not mind that. That is to say, it is an irregular memory—singularly irregular. Sometimes it goes in a gallop, and then again it will be as much as a fortnight passing a given point. This is a great grief to me."

"Oh! it is no matter, so you will try to do the best you can."

"I will. I will put my whole mind on it."

Question. How old are you?

Answer. Nineteen in June.

Q. When did you begin to write?

A. In 1836.

Q. Why, how could that be, if you are only nineteen now?

A. I don't know. It does seem curious, somehow.

Q. It does, indeed. Whom do you consider the most remarkable man you ever met?

A. Aaron Burr.

II.—(*Continued.*)

Q. But you never could have met Aaren Barr, if you are only nineteen years—

A. Now, if you know more about me than I do, what do you ask me for?

Q. Let me ask about something else. What was the date of your birth?

A. Monday, October 31, 1693.

Q. What! Impossible! That would make you a hundred and eighty years old. How do you account for that?

A. I don't account for it at all.

Q. But you said at first you were only nineteen, and now you make yourself out to be one hundred and eighty. It is an awful discrepancy.

A. Why, have you noticed that? (*shaking hands*). Many a time it has seemed to me like a discrepancy; but somehow I couldn't make up my mind. How quick you notice a thing!

Q. Thank you for the compliment, as far as it goes. Had you, or have you, any brothers or sisters?

A. Eh! I—I—I think so—yes—but I don't remember.

Q. Well, that is the most extraordinary statement I ever heard.

A. Why, what makes you think that?

Q. How could I think otherwise? Why, look here! Who is this a picture of, on the wall? Isn't that a brother of yours?

A. Oh, yes, yes, yes! Now you remind me of it, that *was* a brother of mine. That's William—*Bill* we called him. Poor old Bill!

II.—(*Continued.*)

Q. Why, is he dead, then?

A. Ah! well, I suppose so. We never could tell. There was a great mystery about it.

Q. That is sad, very sad. He disappeared, then?

A. Well, yes, in a sort of general way. We buried him.

Q. *Buried* him! Buried him without knowing whether he was dead or not?

A. Oh, no! Not that. He was dead enough.

Q. Well, I confess that I can't understand this. If you buried him, and you knew he was dead—

A. No, no! We only thought he was.

Q. Oh, I see! He came to life again?

A. Not at all!

Q. Well, I never heard anything like this. *Somebody* was dead. *Somebody* was buried. Now, where was the mystery?

A. Ah, that's just it! That's it exactly! You see we were twins, and we got mixed in the bath-tub when we were only two weeks old, and one of us was drowned. But we didn't know which. Some think it was Bill; some think it was I.

Q. Well, that *is* remarkable. What do you think?

A. Goodness knows! I would give whole worlds to know. This solemn, this awful mystery has cast a gloom over my whole life. But I will tell you a secret now, which I never have revealed to any creature before. One of us had a peculiar mark on the back of his left hand; that was *I*. *That child was the one that was drowned.*

[*Exeunt.*]

III.

THE GRIDIRON.

[*The Captain, Patrick, and the Frenchman.*]

Patrick. Well, Captain, whereabouts in the wide world *are* we? Is it Roosia, Proosia, or Jarmant Ocean?

Captain. Tut! you fool, it's France.

Pat. Tare an' ouns! do you tell me so? And how do you know it's France, Captain dear?

Capt. Because we were on the coast of the Bay of Biscay when the vessel was wrecked.

Pat. Troth, I was thinkin' so myself. And now, Captain, jewel, it is I that wishes we had a gridiron.

Capt. Why, Patrick, what puts the notion of a gridiron into your head?

Pat. Because I'm starving with hunger, Captain dear.

Capt. Surely, you do not intend to eat a gridiron, do you?

Pat. Ate a gridiron! bad luck to it! No. But, if we had a gridiron, we could dress a beefsteak.

Capt. Yes; but where's the beefsteak, Patrick?

Pat. Sure, couldn't we cut it off the pork?

Capt. I never thought of that. You are a clever fellow, Patrick (*laughing*).

Pat. There's many a thrue word said in joke, Captain. And

III.—(*Continued.*)

now, if you'll go and get the bit of pork that we saved from the wrack, I'll go to the house there beyant, and ax some of them to lind me the loan of a gridiron.

Capt. But, Patrick, this is France, and they are all foreigners here.

Pat. Well, and how do you know but I am as good a furri-
ner myself as any o' them?

Capt. What do you mean, Patrick?

Pat. Parley voo frongsay?

Capt. Oh, you understand French, then, is it?

Pat. Troth, you may say that, Captain dear.

Capt. Well, Patrick, success to you. Be civil to the foreigners, and I will be back with the pork in a minute. (*He goes out.*)

Pat. Ay, sure enough, I'll be civil to them. Indade, and here comes munseer himself, quite convaynient. (*As the FRENCHMAN enters, PATRICK takes off his hat, and, making a low bow, says:*) I beg your pardon for the liberty I take, but it's only being in disthress in regard of ateing, that I make bowld to trouble ye; and, if you could lind me the loan of a gridiron, I'd be intirely obleeged to ye.

Frenchman (staring at him). Comment!

Pat. Indade, it's thrue for you. I'm tatthered to paces, and look quare enough; but it's by rason of the storm, that dhruv us ashore jist here, and we're all starvin'.

French. Je m'y t—

III.—(*Continued.*)

Pat. Oh! not at all! by no means! We have plenty of meat ourselves, and we'll dhress it, if you'd be plased jist to lind us the loan of a gridiron, sir (*making a low bow*).

French. (*staring at him, but not understanding a word*).

Pat. I beg pardon, sir; may be I'm undher a mistake, but I thought I was in France, sir. Parley voo frongsay?

French. Oui, monsieur.

Pat. Then, would you lind me the loan of a gridiron, if you plase? (*The FRENCHMAN stares more than ever, as if anxious to understand.*) I know it's a liberty I take, sir; but it's only in the regard of being cast away; and, if you plase, sir, parley voo frongsay?

French. Oui, monsieur; oui.

Pat. Then would you lind me the loan of a gridiron, sir, and you'll obleege me.

French. Monsieur, pardon, monsieur—

Pat. (*angrily*). By my sowl, if it was you was in disthress, and if it was to owld Ireland you came, it's not only the gridiron they'd give you, if you axed it, but something to put on it too. Can't you understand your own language? (*Very slowly* :) Parley—voo—frongsay—munseer?

French. Oui, monsieur; oui, monsieur, mais—

Pat. Then lind me the loan of a gridiron, I say.

French. (*bowing and scraping*). Monsieur, je ne l'entend—

Pat. Phoo! I don't want a tongs, at all at all. Can't you listen to rason?

III.—(Continued.)

French. Oui, oui, monsieur; certainement, mais—

Pat. Then lind me the loan of a gridiron! (*The FRENCHMAN shakes his head, as if to say he does not understand; but PATRICK, thinking he means it as a refusal, says in a passion:.*) Troth, if you were in my counthry, it's not that-a-way they'd use you. (*The FRENCHMAN puts his hand on his heart, and tries to express compassion in his countenance.*) Well, I'll give you one chance more, you owld thafe! Bad luck to you! do you understand your mother-tongue? Parley voo frongsay? (*very loud*)—parley voo frongsay?

French. Oui, monsieur; oui, oui.

Pat. Then, *will* you lind me the loan of a gridiron? (*The FRENCHMAN shakes his head, as if he did not understand; and PATRICK says vehemently:.*) The back of my hand and the sowl of my fut to you! May you want a gridiron yourself, yet! and, wherever I go, it's high and low, rich and poor, shall hear of your foine Frinch manners.

IV.

CHOOSING A DECLAMATION.

[HARRY, sitting at a table strewn with books. A knock.]

Hurry (starting to his feet). Come in. (*Enter Tom.*) Hallo, Tom! you're just the fellow I want to see.

Tom. What is the trouble?

H. I have to speak next Friday, and I can't find a decent piece in the whole library.

T. How is "Henry of Navarre"?

H. That's too recent! I want an old one—one that has the sanction of long use.

T. Well, there's something in that! (*Picks up a book and turns the leaves.*) How's this? (*reads*):

"*Just after the war, in the year '48—*

The year that the bies was all scattered and bate"!

H. Oh, "Shamus O'Brien"! That's not bad. But look at the length of it! I couldn't learn it in sixteen weeks.

T. "Hohenlinden."

H. (dramatically):

"*On Linden, when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay th' untrodden snow,
And dark as winter was the flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.*

"*But Linden saw another sight,
When the drum beat at dead of night,
Commanding fires of death to light
The darkness of her scenery.*"

T. What's that "liberty or death" thing? Oh, yes! (*tragically*):

"*Our chains are forged! Their clanking may be heard on the plains of Boston! The war is inevitable, and let it come! I repeat it, sir, let it come! I know not what course others may pursue, but, as for me, give me liberty or give me death!*"

H. And as for me, give me less foolishness, or give me a rest! I might as well speak—

"*There came a burst of thunder-sound;
The boy, oh! where was he?
Ask of the winds that far around
With fragments strewn the sea!*"

IV.—(Continued.)

T. Speak Wolsey's soliloquy :

"Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness."

H. (*angrily*). I say, farewell, a long farewell, to all your nonsense! I want something modern—new—lively; something the fellows haven't heard more than four million times; something—

T. Be cool, dear friend, and let who will be angry. What sort of a declamation do you want—prose or poetry?

H. (*shortly*). I don't care—anything decent.

T. (*coolly*). "Marco Bozzaris"?

H. (*snappishly*). Marco Bo-fiddle-stick!

T. "Spartacus"?

H. No! nor any *other*—gentleman!

T. "*The breaking waves dashed high*"?

H. (*with contempt*). No!

T. Well, you are hard to suit. You'd better give *me* one.

H. Are you going to speak too?

T. Such is the solemn fact.

H. Why didn't you say so before?

T. I didn't have an opportunity.

H. Well, I've an idea.

T. Is it possible?

H. No insinuations, old fellow! Let's speak a dialogue.

T. All right—only they are harder to find than declamations.

H. (*dramatically*). Thomas! thou sayest true! 'Tis even as thou representest! Yet, let us not despair. Though dialogues be few, and though we can not find, it may be, *one* pat to our present purpose, yet we'll—

T. Methinks I do divine thy meaning! If we can not find the thing we wish, we'll—

Both (striking hands). We'll—*make one!*

H. That's the idea, precisely.

T. Well, the plan is good enough, but where's the subject?

H. Why not write out this little conversation which has but even now transpired betwixt us?

T. A happy thought!

H. We'll book it!

[*Exeunt.*

V.

GOOD MANNERS.

SCENE I.

George. Fred, did you ever notice how few people there are who have good manners?

Fred. No. I think most of my acquaintances are quite polite.

George. I don't believe you can name three persons who will pass through one day without committing a breach of etiquette.

Fred. Nonsense!

George. Well, name *one*.

Fred. I can do it myself. There are a great many more folks who have good manners than there are who speak good English.

George. I beg to differ! I never use bad grammar, but there are many little points of good-breeding which I might overlook.

Fred. I'll tell you what I'll do with you. I'll keep account for the next three days of every incorrect expression that you may use.

George. And I'll keep a record of each time you are guilty of an act of inettiquetticality.

Fred. Yes, and if my list of faults in your speech is not longer than your list of my acts of rudeness, I'll give you apples enough to make it so. An apple for each—inettiquetticality—as you barbarously term it.

George. That's not polite—there's *one* for you.

Fred. Neither is "inettiquetticality" good English. So there's one for *you*.

George. Well, let's wait our three days, and then we'll see.

Fred. All right, and I will agree to give you pears enough to make my list of your inelegancies longer than your list of my errors in language!

SCENE II.

[*Both boys have papers covered with notes.*]

Fred. Hallo, *George*!

George. How are you, *Fred*?

Fred. First-rate. How about our wager?

George. You've lost your apples!

V.—(Continued.)

Fred. I wouldn't trade them for your pears, yet!

George (showing his paper). How's that for a list?

Fred. (showing his). How's that for another?

George. Mine is the longest.

Fred. We'll see! Read your first, then I'll read my first; your second, and my second; and so on; and the one who has to stop first is beaten.

George. That's fair enough, only you read first.

Fred. All right. How is this for the first gun? Day before yesterday, when you were in the arithmetic class, you said, "I done that example."

George. You put your knife in your mouth at breakfast, yesterday.

Fred. You said, "Every boy ought to use *their own* books."

George. What's the matter with that?

Fred. His own, is better.

George. You didn't take your hat off when we passed those ladies this morning.

Fred. I didn't know them.

George. I did, and you were with me.

Fred. You said, "*I hain't got none.*"

George. Pshaw! I *knew* better than that!

Fred. So much the worse.

George. Your shoes aren't blacked!

Fred. You said, "*Darn it!*"

George. Your cuffs are soiled!

Fred. You said, "*I never did no such thing.*"

George. I didn't, neither!

Fred. (laughing). There you go again, "Didn't, neither!"

George. You're getting impudent.

Fred. You can't talk straight.

George. I talk straighter than you act.

Fred. No, you don't! How many more inettiquetticalities have you got down on that paper?

George (looking). No more. How many more blunders have you of mine?

Fred. None.

George. Then we're tied. Let's shake hands across the "bloody chasm." I've enough to do to correct my English, without fighting you.

Fred. (taking his hand). And my politeness would hardly be refined by losing my temper with you. [*Exeunt.*

VI.

EXAMINATION OF A CANDIDATE FOR POSITION AS
TEACHER.

Candidate. This is Mr. Harrison, I believe?

Examiner. Yes; and you, I believe, are thinking of taking a school among us, are you not?

C. Yes, sir.

Ex. Taught some, I suppose?

C. Five years.

Ex. Ever been to Normal School?

C. Oh, yes, sir.

Ex. Well, we will proceed with the examination, if you please.

C. Certainly.

Ex. First, a few words in spelling. Spell salary.

C. S-a-l-a-r-y.

Ex. By the way, what is the salary of our Governor?

C. I don't know.

Ex. Ah! How many ounces are there in a pound avoirdupois?

C. Sixteen.

Ex. Right; and can you tell me how many wings a house-fly has?

C. I never noticed—four, I think.

Ex. Hardly, I believe—but no matter. In which direction does the Nile flow?

C. Northerly direction, and empties into the Mediterranean Sea.

Ex. And in which direction do apple-seeds point as they grow; up to the stem or down to the blossom?

C. I have never noticed, sir.

Ex. Hm! You can name the capital of Ecuador, probably?

C. Quito.

Ex. Quite so! And can you give me the names of the different pieces of wood in this door?

C. There are panels—and—panels—and—panels——

VI.—(Continued.)

Ex. Yes, panels, and front stile and back stile, and top rail and bottom rail, and lock rail, and—but perhaps I could hardly expect you to know things so common. You may tell me how many feet in a mile.

C. Five thousand two hundred and eighty.

Ex. And how many spokes in the front wheel of a buggy?

C. I have no idea—thirty?

Ex. You will be interested to count at some time. Can you tell the difference between the rotation and revolution of the earth?

C. Oh, yes, sir. The earth rotates on its axis and revolves about the sun.

Ex. Exactly; and what is the difference between poison-ivy and Virginia creeper?

C. I don't know.

Ex. Between a bug and a beetle?

C. I can not tell.

Ex. How many cubic feet of fresh air does each of your pupils need in six hours?

C. I never learned that.

Ex. How many of your pupils have you found to be short-sighted?

C. I never asked them.

Ex. What gymnastic exercises do you prefer in school?

C. I have never tried any.

Ex. Can you keep your scholars quiet?

C. Yes, sir, so that you can hear a pin drop.

Ex. Can you keep them *happy*?

C. I never thought of that.

Ex. Well, I think we do not need to examine you further. I find that you are thoroughly posted in a good deal of book-knowledge which is of no particular value, but that you have never learned to use your eyes so as to observe the things about you; and you seem to have thought more about keeping a quiet room than of having healthy, sound, and happy children in it. I am sorry, but we can't engage you.

VII.

JOSEPH II AND THE GRENADEER.

(In the following dialogue, two chairs placed near each other on the platform may represent the coach.)

[TO BE READ BEFORE THE DIALOGUE BEGINS.]

The Emperor Joseph II of Austria was very fond of seeking for adventures. One morning, dressed as a private citizen, he got into a public conveyance, and told the driver to take him through the town. The cab having been obstructed by some carts, a soldier came up to the disguised monarch and said:

Soldier. Comrade, will you give me a lift?

Emperor. Gladly; jump up quickly, for I am in a hurry.

Sold. (taking a seat by the Emperor). Ah! you are a fine fellow; you only want mustaches to look like a soldier. Tell me, now (tapping his royal neighbor on the shoulder), are you a good hand at guessing?

Emp. Maybe I am. Try.

Sold. Well, then, friend, give your whole mind to it, and tell me what I ate this morning for breakfast.

Emp. Sauerkraut, and a cup of coffee.

Sold. Better than that.

Emp. A slice of ham, then.

Sold. Better than that.

Emp. Then it must have been a sausage, with a glass of wine after it to help digestion.

VII.—(Continued.)

Sold. Better than that. But, friend, you will never be able to guess: I breakfasted off a pheasant killed in the Emperor's park. What do you think of that?

Emp. I think that very extraordinary indeed. Had you not told me, I should never have guessed it. Now it is my turn, grenadier. I will put your sharpness to the proof. Tell me who I am, and what rank I hold in the army?

Sold. Well, I should have taken you for an ensign; but you are not well enough dressed to be an officer.

Emp. Better than that.

Sold. You are a lieutenant, perhaps.

Emp. Better than that.

Sold. A captain, then.

Emp. Better than that.

Sold. Why, then, you must be a general.

Emp. Better than that.

Sold. (*very much excited, and taking off his cap*). I beg a thousand pardons of your Excellency; you are a field-marshal of the empire. (*He tries to get out of the cab.*)

Emp. Better than that.

Sold. Pardon, sire, you are the Emperor—I am a lost man! (*He jumps out of the cab. The Emperor, delighted with the adventure, and laughing heartily, throws him a purse.*)

Emp. Take that, soldier, in proof that you have lost nothing!

VIII.

DARIUS GREEN PARODIED.

[SCENE—A small room; WILLIAM seated at a table writing furiously. Sheets of paper scattered on the floor. Enter JOHN.]

John. I hope I don't disturb you.

William (starting). How are you, Jack? Glad to see you. Sit down and make yourself at home.

J. (sitting down). Thanks. What are you doing—writing a new history of Rome?

W. (gathering papers hastily). Just scribbling a little.

J. A little! I should be pleased to know what you call a great deal? What is it—a composition?

W. Curiosity, thy name is John! It's poetry.

J. What on earth ever started you to writing poetry? Who is she?

W. (laughing). You've come nearer to it than you thought! There is a woman in it.

J. (rising). Then it's about time for me to get my dinner. Any man that'll sit around all the morning making verses to a girl, I have my opinion of him!

W. I didn't say to a girl.

J. What did you say?

W. I said there was a woman in it. Sit down a minute, and I'll tell you the whole business, if you won't say anything to the boys.

J. All right. Go ahead!

W. Well, there isn't much to tell. I have to speak a declamation in our literary society next Wednesday evening, and I've been for a week grubbing up that old "Darius Green." It's queer, but not one of the fellows here has ever seen it.

J. How do you know?

VIII.—(Continued.)

W. I found out.

J. Well, they've *heard* it. Didn't Miss Wellman read it in the hall last evening?

W. Yes, and that's just the point—they *hadn't* heard it before.

J. Well?

W. It is *not* well. She is going to visit our rooms Wednesday evening, by special invitation, and of course I'm not going to speak one of her favorite pieces in presence of an elocution-teacher!

J. It *would* look a little brazen.

W. So I thought, and I'm trying to write a parody on "Darius Green," to speak instead—bringing in my own present case, attempting to fly oratorically, and coming down in a manner only equaled in aggravation by "the way Darius lit." See?

J. Not a bad idea; but can you do it?

W. I *have* it done after a fashion, all but the last verse.

J. Let's hear it.

W. (*reading*).

"If ever there lived a Yankee lad,
Wise or otherwise, good or bad"—

J. That's just like "Darius Green"—that won't do.

W. I want them all to think at first that I *am* saying Darius.

J. Oh! all right. Go on.

W.

"——good or bad,
Who, seeing a lady rise and spout
The identical piece he'd just picked out
To speak in the club-room, didn't get mad,
And wear a countenance long and sad,
And ejaculate utterance short and bad"—

VIII.—(*Continued.*)

J. "Ejaculate utterance" is ridiculous.

W. Who's doing this? If you interrupt me a thousand times more, and then a thousand times after that, I'll stop reading! Where was I?

"——short and bad——

If you know any one, young or old,
Who wouldn't feel decidedly *sold*,
All I can say is—that's a sign
He can not appreciate feelings like mine.
My head was still aching from application
To learning a wonderful declamation,
Which I had been lucky enough to glean
From the faded page of an old magazine—
'Our Young Folks'—entitled 'Darius Green' "—

J. Which, the "Young Folks," or the page?

W. The *declamation*, of course. I'll skip a page now, to pay for that interruption. I go on to tell how—

"I said to myself, 'I'll tell you what—
There won't be a fellow in all the lot
Who's seen this piece that I have got;
So it's bound to take,
And 'twill make them shake
Their sides till they fairly ache;
And when I come to that merry roar,
Bursting out from the old barn-door,
They'll just roll over on the floor.'"

Then comes a long account of my labor in learning the thing, till—

"I had by heart
The greater part
Of this wonderful piece of poetic art."

J. Well, what next?

W. Oh, you are growing interested, are you? Well, then I

VIII.—(*Continued.*)

tell of the coming of Miss What's-her-name to give public-readings.

J. And how she rose to spout the identical piece you'd just picked out?

W. Precisely:

"On that sorrowful night
There fell a blight
On all of my hopes and wishes bright;
For the reader, after reading a few
Of such selections as every one knew,
Said, 'Now I will give you Darius Green,
And his wonderful trip in a flying-machine!'"

J. Is that the end?

W. It is the last I have, but it seems as if it wasn't quite finished.

J. Why don't you tell how you felt?

W. I felt too much like swearing, I guess.

J. Give me the pen. (*Writes a moment or two.*) How's this?

"There was one expression, and only one,
In all that poem, that would have done
To express my feelings when she begun"—

W. Hold on! Begun isn't good English.

J. Did you never hear of poetic license? Where was I?

"——Would have done
To express my feelings when she begun—
(And *that* she omitted);
And that was what, as they entered the barn,
Sol, the little one, said—'By darn!'"

[*Exeunt.*]

IX.

IT'S A POOR RULE THAT WON'T WORK BOTH WAYS.

[*This miniature farce may be made very amusing. In the first scene LEOPOLD should be sitting at a table writing ; books around him. He looks up from his papers and opens the dialogue. JOHN goes to the other end of the stage, where Mr. MARCUS is sitting, reading. In the next scene Mr. MARCUS is trying to read, but shivers. He turns to THOMAS, who is trying to blow a fire with his own breath, and sends him for a pair of bellows. The same boy may personate both JOHN and THOMAS.*]

SCENE I.

Leopold. John!

John. Sir?

L. Is Mr. Marcus in his room?

J. I'll see, sir. (*Starts for Mr. M.'s door.*)

L. Hold on!

J. On to what, sir?

L. Wait a minute!

J. (coming back). Yes, sir.

L. Where were you going?

J. To see if Mr. Marcus was in, sir.

L. Stupid fellow! why didn't you wait for your message?
Go to Mr. Marcus's room—

J. Yes, sir.

L. And if he is there, ask him to lend me "Livingstone's
Travels in Africa."

J. How can they do that, sir?

L. Do what, John?

J. How can stones be living and traveling in Africa?

L. Idiot! Do your errand.

J. (knocks at Mr. M.'s door. Opened by Mr. M.) Is Mr.
Marcus in?

IX.—(Continued.)

Mr. M. That is my name.

J. My master sends me to beg you will lend him "Livingstone's Travels in Africa."

Mr. M. Tell Mr. Leopold that I make it a rule never to lend my books; but, if he will take the trouble to come to my room, he can read Livingstone as long as he likes.

J. (returns to his master). Mr. Marcus is in his room, sir.

L. Oh! he is, is he? Well, where's the book?

J. Mr. Marcus says, sir, that he makes it a rule never to lend his books; but, if you will take the trouble to go to his room, you may read as long as you like.

L. Indeed! He is very kind.

SCENE II.—(A week later.)

Mr. Marcus. Thomas!

Thomas. Yes, sir!

Mr. M. What are you doing?

T. Trying to start a fire, sir.

Mr. M. Why are you so long about it?

T. The chimney doesn't seem to draw well, sir.

Mr. M. Go and ask Mr. Leopold to lend me his bellows to blow my fire. You will never be able to start one without them, I am sure. (*Thomas knocks at Mr. Leopold's door. Opened by Mr. L.*)

T. Is this Mr. Leopold?

Mr. L. That is my name.

T. Mr. Leopold, your friend Mr. Marcus has sent me to beg the loan of a bellows to blow the fire.

Mr. L. I am very sorry. Give my compliments to Mr. Marcus, and tell him I make it a rule never to lend my bellows; but, if he will give himself the trouble of coming into my room, he is welcome to blow my fire as long as he likes. [*Exeunt.*]

X.

DOES IT PAY TO SMOKE?

[JOHN and JAMES walking together. JOHN takes two cigars from his pocket, proceeds to light a match, and offers one cigar to JAMES.]

John. Have a cigar?

James. No, I thank you. I don't smoke.

John. Think it's wicked?

James. No, but I don't think it pays.

John. Think it unhealthy?

James. Well, I believe that's one of the points in which "doctors disagree." But I don't like the taste of tobacco.

John. Neither does any one at first.

James. Well, I don't care to force myself to like cigars, which will do me no good, and are at best expensive.

John. There's lots of comfort in a good cigar.

James. Yes, but after ten years of smoking, what will you have to show for it?

John. To show for it?

James. That's what I said.

John. What do you mean?

James. I'll tell you. Do you remember our talk the other day?

John. Certainly—about what we wish to do by and by.

X.—(*Continued.*)

James. Yes. You know we were each going to have a fine house and grounds.

John. Yes, and horses and carriages, and all that sort of thing. Old fellow, it's one of my favorite dreams.

James. Exactly so. Now, my boy, don't you see what sort of an establishment you're going to have if you don't curtail a little in your cigars and beer and theatre-going, and all that?

John. What sort of an establishment?

James. Yes—what sort of an establishment. I can tell you, if you want to know.

John. Well, drive ahead; you're rather amusing.

James. In the first place, you'll have to build a house; and the only material under the sun, that *I* know of, out of which you can build one, is old cigar-boxes.

John. Cedar of Lebanon!

James. I know; but the planks and timbers would hardly stand one of our northwesterns, with the mercury at zero. Then, for chimneys you could have old pipe-stems.

John. Picturesque, at least.

James. Decidedly. You could also shingle your domicile with reserved-seat tickets.

John. Neat, if not gaudy.

James. Yes, and quite soluble in water. Your windows, of beer-bottle glass, might be a trifle opaque; but you could make stylish curtains out of your flashy and innumerable neckties. .

X.—(Continued.)

John. Happy thought!

James. Good enough joke, so far. And you will probably have enough cigar-ashes to make a respectable walk around your premises; but when you come to furnishing your house, and providing for your table, how will it be? You will hardly relish a dinner of cigar-stubs and burned matches, even if eked out with an *entrée* of old corks and tin-foil.

John. There's something in that!

James. There's *truth* in it. I'm not arguing this question, you perceive, from any religious or moral or even hygienic standpoint, but merely on the ground of *policy*. You now spend every cent of your income, and I leave it to you if I haven't made a fair inventory of everything you have left—to show for it.

John. You might allow me a few shade-trees, produced by sticking some of my numerous canes in the soil of my estate!

James. Yes, and possibly a permanent perfume for your breath, and a mine of dentist's gold in your dental cavities, and—

John. Well, I know smoking and all that sort of thing don't pay; but, when a fellow gets into the habit, he feels the need of it.

James. You mean he gets so that he can't stop when he wants to.

John. No, not exactly. I can stop this minute if I have a mind to.

X.—(*Continued.*)

James. You can't do it.

John. I've sworn off lots of times.

James. That's just it—lots of times. You can't stop for good.

John. Yes, I can, if I make up my mind.

James. If you hadn't the habit now, would you begin again?

John. No, sir!

James. Why not?

John. 'Cause I'd be better off without it.

James. Why don't you stop, then?

John. I can, if I make up my mind to.

James. Just the point. You *can't make up your mind*. So there you have my reasons for not smoking. I don't like tobacco, and I can't afford to force myself to get up a craving for something that is very expensive—utterly useless—disgusting to my mother and sisters—possibly injurious, and certainly hard to break away from—unless I see better reason than I do now. Can you show me any? Do you advise me to learn to smoke?

John. No, sir. If you haven't begun, don't you do it.

James. Did you ever hear an old smoker advise a young man to begin?

John. No, I never did. They all say, "*It won't pay.*"

XI.

SQUIRE THORNHILL'S ARGUMENT.

Squire Thornhill. May this glass suffocate me, but a fine girl is worth all the priestcraft in the creation! For what are tithes and tricks but an imposition—all a confounded imposture? and I can prove it!

Moses. I wish you would, and I think I should be able to answer you.

Squire T. Very well, sir; if you are for a cool argument upon that subject, I am ready to accept the challenge. And first, whether are you for managing it analogically or dialogically?

Moses. I am for managing it rationally.

Squire T. Good again! and firstly, of the first, I hope you'll not deny that whatever is, is. If you don't grant me that, I can go no further.

Moses. Why, I think I may grant that, and make the best of it.

Squire T. I hope, too, you'll grant that a part is less than the whole.

Moses. I grant that too; it is but just and reasonable.

Squire T. I hope you will not deny that the three angles of a triangle are equal to two right ones.

Moses. Nothing can be plainer.

Squire T. (rapidly and forcibly). Very well! the premises

XI.—(Continued.)

being thus settled, I proceed to observe that the concatenation of self-existences, proceeding in a reciprocal duplicate ratio, naturally produces a problematical dialogism, which in some measure proves that the essence of spirituality may be referred to the second predicable—

Moses. Hold, hold! I deny that! Do you think I can thus tamely submit to your heterodox doctrines?

Squire T. (in a rage). What! not submit? Answer me one plain question: Do you think Aristotle right when he says that relatives are related?

Moses. Undoubtedly.

Squire T. If so, then, answer me directly to what I propose: Whether do you judge the analytical investigation of the first part of my enthymen deficient *secundum quoad*, or *quoad minus*? and give me your reasons, I say, directly!

Moses. I protest I don't comprehend the force of your reasoning; but, if it be reduced to one simple proposition, I fancy it may then have an answer.

Squire T. Oh, sir, I am your most humble servant. I find you want me to furnish you with argument and intellect too! No, sir! There, I protest, you are too hard for me!

[*Exeunt.*

XII.

THE SHOEMAKER'S CABINET.

(Explanation, to be read by the teacher before the dialogue.)

[The following dialogue actually took place a few years since between THOMAS EDWARD, a poor shoemaker of Scotland, and a gentleman of Aberdeen. Mr. EDWARD had, by wonderful perseverance and economy, collected a large and valuable cabinet of rare specimens of natural history. This cabinet was on exhibition in Aberdeen, and the gentleman who speaks could hardly believe that EDWARD had collected all the specimens alone. The book from which the dialogue is taken, "A Scotch Naturalist," by SAMUEL SMILES, is of unusual interest.]

Visitor. Well, Mr. Edward, how are you getting on?

Mr. Edward. Very poorly.

V. And no wonder.

Mr. E. Why so?

V. (*very loud*). Why so? Because the people here don't believe in such a thing.

Mr. E. But if they would only come and see!

V. Come? That's the very thing. It seems they'll not come. You are quite a stranger here. You should have had some persons of high standing in the city to take you under their patronage—say the professors of both colleges. Oh, you needn't shake your head! It would have been much better.

Mr. E. I never considered myself in a position to ask such a favor.

V. You'll not succeed until you do.

Mr. E. In that case, then, I never will succeed.

V. You are too unbending. You say that the whole of this collection is entirely the work of your own hands?

Mr. E. Yes, except the game-birds, which I bought. As to the others, I procured the whole of them myself—preserved them and cased them, just as you see them.

V. And you had to work for your living all that time?

Mr. E. Yes, and for the living of my family.

V. Then you have a family?

XII.—(Continued.)

Mr. E. A wife and five children.

V. The devil!

Mr. E. No, sir; I said children.

V. Ah, yes. I beg your pardon; but how is it possible that you have done this thing?

Mr. E. By never losing a single minute, or part of a minute, that I could by any means improve.

V. Well, I never heard of such a thing, and I never read of such a thing.

Mr. E. I never thought that I was doing anything that any one else might not have done.

V. Had you been an out-door worker, I would not have thought so much about it. Even then, it would have been surprising. But having to work from morning till night in a shoemaker's shop, where these things can neither be seen nor found—the thing is perfectly inconceivable! I'll give my oath that, so far as Aberdeen is concerned, there is not a single working-man who could, by himself, have done anything of the sort. Now, how under the sun did you manage?

Mr. E. I've told you already; but I'll tell you again. My chief school was the earth, and my principal teacher was Nature. What I have done has been done by economizing every farthing of money and every moment of time.

V. Do you mean to say that you had no education, and no money but what you worked for?

Mr. E. I do, and—

V. Confounded nonsense!

Mr. E. Allow me to proceed. It is not always those who have the most money and the best education that do the most work, either in natural history or in anything else.

V. Oh, yes; that's all very well! But (*looking at his watch*) I find I must go. I'll call again, for I am determined to be at the bottom of this affair.

[*Exit. After him, exit Mr. E.*]

I.

THE ANTI-SLANG SOCIETY

Susan. Hey-o, Lucy!

Lucy. Hi-o, Susan!

S. Will you join?

L. Yes. What is it?

S. Guess.

L. Secret society?

S. No. .

L. Temperance crusade?

S. No.

L. Whist-club?

S. No.

L. Missionary association?

S. No.

L. Well—what is it? I'll join anything that you will, if it doesn't cost too much; but I can't imagine what sort of an organization you are organizing. It isn't a cooking-club, is it?

S. No. It is an anti-slang society!

L. My goodness!

S. You'd better join, I think.

L. I said I would, didn't I? But can't you say, your "goodness"?

I.—(*Continued.*)

S. Gracious, no! That's awful slang.

L. How about "gracious" and "awful"?

S. Well—I suppose they are bad, too; but we haven't begun yet.

L. When will you begin?

S. This evening.

L. What started you all on this tack?

S. Oh! I don't know. Mary Gleason was the first, I believe. She's been making a list of expressions that we girls use, and you would be perfectly paralyzed to see it!

L. Mary Gleason needn't say anything! She can give any of us points on slang.

S. So she says; and that is the very reason she is going to stop.

L. Have you any definite plan?

S. Yes; we are going to have a one-cent fine for each conviction of using a slang expression; and when we get five dollars in the treasury—

L. Five dollars—goodness—gracious me! You'll never get five dollars from one-cent fines till the great day!

S. We would have a superdanglous start toward it if we could charge for that little speech!

L. That's true enough. Why, what an awful—no—terrible—no—what a fearful— I mean, what a *very* bad habit it is. I

I.—(*Continued.*)

had no idea I used such a frightful lot—that is—so *very* many slang words!

S. (Laughing). Well—I hope to scream—if that isn't a speech! It breaks me all up!

L. Say, Sue—you're just doing that on purpose, I'll bet a cookie.

S. 'Pon my word, I didn't think of it until it was out of my mouth.

L. There you are again! Really, Sue—do you suppose the other girls are as bad as we?

S. Don't you doubt it! Why, it's utterly utter—quite too horri—, distressing, I mean.

L. It will take a month o' Sundays to correct this habit.

S. Well, I should smile; but there is all the more need of beginning at once.

L. That is true; for sure as my— Really, Sue—this is growing serious— I'll be on hand *at eight o'clock*.

SCENE 2.—*Two Months later.*

Susan. Good-afternoon, Lucy.

Lucy. Good-afternoon.

S. That was an excellent meeting last evening.

L. It was, indeed. Were you not surprised to find our treasury so full?

I.—(*Continued.*)

S. I was, and humiliated as well. For I know that I have contributed my full share toward that \$18.73.

L. I think one thing deserved special notice.

S. What was that?

L. Why, the receipts for the first week were double the total amount paid during the last three weeks.

S. Was that so?

L. Yes; and that shows pretty plainly that slang is not a necessity, does it not?

S. Yes; for, if a one-cent fine has produced such results in so short a time, it is evident that the use of slang words was merely a lazy expedient.

L. Lazy? How so?

S. Simply because it is so much easier to say "splendid" for everything which pleases us, and "awful" for the opposite, than it is to select each time an appropriate adjective.

L. I hadn't thought of it in that light; but I see that it is so. I have often to hesitate now—for the right word.

S. Yes; so do I—but when I find it—I feel a genuine satisfaction.

L. So do I; and I am convinced that slang is quite useless, and decidedly unladylike.

[*Exeunt.*

II.

SONG OF THE WATERS.

Child.

SUN, bright sun, what dost thou here,
Lingering over the waters clear,
Shooting thy rays o'er the ocean bright,
Till every wave is a starry height?

Sun.

I am changing the wave to a vapor rare,
At the touch of my power it rises in air;
Then, rushing along, to the clouds gives birth,
For I am the chemist of all the earth.

Child.

Clouds, dark clouds, by the fierce wind's might
Driven along like an arrow's flight,
What do ye in the distance scan,
What is your message from God to man?

Clouds.

We have heard the cry of the thirsty soil,
We have come to the help of the sons of toil.
The parched-up earth shall freshen again,
For we bear in our bosom the blessed rain.

II.—(*Continued.*)*Child.*

Springs, bright springs, as your drops o'erflow,
What bright path do your waters show?
Where do you wander, and what is your guide
To choose your path as you onward glide?

Springs.

We never can err in the path we make,
For the slope of the land is the guide we take;
Wherever it points, we follow the way,
For the earth's gravitation the streams obey.

Child.

Rivers, broad rivers, that swell as you glide,
With tributes of waters on every side,
Till you bear the proud vessels that whiten your crest,
Say, what is your mission and where do you rest?

Rivers.

We are floating the treasures of golden ore,
We are bringing the bread to the hungry poor.
Soon in the broad ocean our rest shall be,
For "all the rivers run into the sea."

All in Concert.

"All the rivers run into the sea, and yet the sea is not full;
into the place from whence the rivers came, thither shall they
return."

III.

MUSIC.

Clara. Do you know what Jane Sterling says?

Bessie. No. What does Jane Sterling say?

C. She says her father says that all this music in our schools is folly. Our time might much better be given to more arithmetic and grammar, but, as for singing or playing the piano, it is a waste of time, and worse.

B. Well, Mr. Sterling is one of the committee. I wonder if he is going to try to get music taken out of the course?

C. I suppose so. Jane says he is, and she hopes he will succeed.

B. She never *could* sing, anyway, but I do hope he will not succeed. It seems to me that our singing class is the very best part of our school.

C. Suppose we get up a petition to have music retained?

B. Do you suppose the girls would sign it?

C. Yes, and the boys too. We all love music too much to lose this chance of learning.

B. But our opinions on the subject couldn't have any influence with a committee-man. He knows so much more than we children!

C. That's so, but all the teachers would sign the petition.

B. Perhaps so; but I've been thinking that we might look up the opinions of some noted men on the subject of music, and embody them in the petition, as a sort of preamble.

C. That's a good idea—let's do it.

B. Very well. You find as many as you can, and I will do the same. Then we will read them over together, and combine them.

C. Will you write the petition?

B. Oh, we'll write it together.

III.—(Continued.)

SCENE 2.

C. Have you found any "opinions"?

B. So many! (Holding up a paper closely written.)

C. And I have these.

B. Suppose we read them out?

C. Well, read yours first.

B. Bovee says: "Music is the fourth great material want of our natures. First food, then raiment, then shelter, then music."

C. I found this from Martin Luther: "Music is one of the most magnificent and delightful presents God has given us."

B. The last words of Mirabeau were, "Let me die to the sounds of delicious music."

C. "Music, of all the liberal arts, is that to which the legislator ought to give the greatest encouragement."

B. Who said that?

C. Napoleon.

B. That's a good one. Here is one from Shakespeare: "The man that hath no music in himself, nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds, is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils."

C. It is Auerbach who says, "Music washes away from the soul the dust of every-day life."

B. Here is the testimony of Horace Walpole, a man whom you would hardly suspect of saying it: "Had I children, my utmost endeavors would be to make them musicians."

C. Well, I should think we had enough recommendations here to prove, at least, that music is not nonsense.

B. At any rate, we will try the effect of these added to the petition of the teachers.

IV.

MEMORY-TRICKS.

Polly. I believe I have the worst memory in the world.

Nelly. I should be willing to exchange with you,

Polly. You don't mean it! I thought you *never* forgot anything.

Nelly. I have very hard work to remember.

Polly. But you *do* remember. How do you manage it?

Nelly. I am learning how to study. There are a good many tricks about remembering, I find.

Polly. Tell me.

Nelly. Well, what is it you find so slippery this morning?

Polly. This list of exceptions in gender in the fourth declension [reads], "*Acus, colus, domus, manus, porticus, tribus*"—I never can learn that. How did you get it?

Nelly. I studied out the meanings of the words. Just tell me the meanings, and I'll show you a trick.

Polly. Well, there's a needle and a distaff, and a house and a hand, a portico and a tribe.

Nelly. Once there was a Roman matron (that's feminine, you know), and she was the most worthy woman in all the *tribe*. She used to sit on the *portico* of her *house*, with her *distaff* or *needle* in her *hand*, and there!—you've learned them all. See if you haven't.

Polly. I have, for a fact; that's quite a scheme. But you can't always do as well as that!

Nelly. No, not always.

Polly. What do you do about these names in geography?

Nelly. Oh, I know a fine trick about learning them. I find out their meaning and derivation, and then make up a little story.

Polly. How so?

Nelly. Well, you know, down in Central America there is a Mosquito Coast, and I always remember that Cape Gracias is north of it, by imagining that the sailors coasting by there were so annoyed by the mosquitoes that when they rounded the cape

IV.—(Continued.)

and met a fresh breeze they named the cape in gratitude for their escape.

Polly. How perfectly ridiculous!

Nelly. I know it; but, I don't forget it, all the same. Then, when I was studying Europe, I always thought it odd that Turkey was just below Hungary, and Greece just under Turkey.

Polly. But, Nellie, that is pure nonsense!

Nelly. True, and I don't allow myself to use such tricks if I can find better helps to memory. I prefer to find the real derivation of names, and why they were given.

Polly. For instance—

Nelly. All the "News," for instance—New York, and New Jersey, and New Zealand, and New Bedford, and Nova Scotia, and Nova Zembla. In such cases I look out the *old* York and *old* Jersey, etc., and so remember both at once. It is much easier to remember two connected facts or names than one alone.

Polly. That's odd. Do you do the same in botany?

Nelly. Oh, yes! most of all. There's colt's-foot—" *Tussilago farfara*." That means something about driving off a cough; and then I had a *tussle* with it, and have to "go far for it," so that makes "tussle—I go far for it"!

Polly. I should think you did go *very* far for it. You really must not be so idiotic!

Nelly. I know it. I don't do it on purpose; but, if it pops into my head, I can't help it, can I?

Polly. I suppose not, but I'd try. Give us a sensible example.

Nelly. Well, "*Mitella diphylla*." Those words mean "A little bishop's cap with two leaves," and that is exactly what the flower, or at least the seed-vessel, looks like. I never forget it.

Polly. That is pretty.

Nelly. "*Aphyllon uniflorum*" mean *one flower and no leaves*.

Polly. I catch your idea, but I don't understand your Latin very well. However, I shall remember my "*Acus, colus*," at any rate!

V.

UNDER THE HOLLY-BOUGH.

CHARLES MACKAY.

First Girl.

YE who have scorned each other,
Or injured friend or brother,
In this fast-fading year ;
Ye who, by word or deed,
Have made a kind heart bleed,
Come, gather here !

Second Girl.

Let sinned against and sinning
Forget their strife's beginning,
And join in friendship now ;
Be links no longer broken,
Be sweet forgiveness spoken,
Under the holly-bough !

First Girl.

YE, who have loved each other,
Sister and friend and brother,
In this fast-fading year,
Mother and sire and child,
Young man and maiden mild,
Come, gather here !

V.—(*Continued.*)*Second Girl.*

And let your hearts grow fonder
As memory shall ponder
Each past unbroken vow !
Old loves and younger wooing
Are sweet in the reviewing
Under the holly-bough !

First Girl.

Ye who have nourished sadness
Estranged from hope and gladness,
In this fast-fading year ;
Ye, with o'erburdened mind,
Made aliens from your kind,
Come, gather here !

Both in Concert.

Let not the useless sorrow
Pursue you night and morrow ;
If e'er you hoped, hope now.
Take heart ; uncloud your faces,
And join in our embraces,
Under the holly-bough !

VI.

FINE FEATHERS.

SCENE 1.

Mary. Kate, have you seen the new scholar?

Kate. No; what is she like?

M. She's awfully queer, *I* think.

K. How so?

M. Well, in the first place, she wears her hair put straight back, without the sign of a curl or a crimp or a friz.

K. That is cheerful!

M. Then, her shoes are fearfully countrified. The soles are as broad as a pancake, and the heels are no higher than a caramel.

K. Oh, dear! are we to be bored by another strong-minded individual? Probably she can't afford anything stylish. I wonder if she will expect to come right in with the rest of us girls—just as if she belonged—

M. I don't know what she will *expect*, but I know very well that she can't do that, whether she expects to or whether she doesn't. I don't intend to have much to say to her, for one.

K. Nor I. Of course, I shall answer a civil question, and all that; but, gracious me! why can't that sort of person stay where she belongs?

SCENE 2.—*A Week later.*

K. Well, Mame, I guess Sister Anne-Maria-Jane is beginning to learn her place; don't you?

VI.—(*Continued.*)

M. It isn't our fault if she isn't.

K. I don't know but we've treated her rather meanly; but, then, "we must draw the line somewhere!"

M. And we draw it on going with girls that persist in making such spectacles of themselves as to wear flat-bottomed shoes, and bald foreheads, and ancestral gowns.

K. It is odd, though, what fine manners Annie has.

M. Like enough she has been lady's-maid some time or other. It's easy enough to pick up a veneer of fine manners.

K. But she does get her lessons well; I'll say that for her.

M. She's probably going to support herself by teaching, or being governess, or something. She'll have to work for her living, I am sure.

K. Do you think she notices that we snub her?

M. Notice it? I tell you, she is not so green as not to notice it and feel it, too. I saw her eyes flash last evening when I sailed by her. They snapped like the electricity in cat's fur!

SCENE 3.—*A Week later.*

K. We have done it this time!

M. Yes, and it is good enough for us. We treated her awfully, and I am glad that she has paid us back.

K. Who would ever have suspected that that demure little unfripped and low-heeled maiden had a fortune in her own name?

M. I know it! I half believe she masqueraded around in

VI.—(*Continued.*)

those plain garments just to find out what sort of girls we all were!

K. Well, she succeeded, if that *was* her plan. But didn't she look stunning last Friday evening when she blossomed out in that white-satin dress?

M. And those diamond ear-rings!

K. And those silk stockings!

M. And that killing coiffure!

K. And those satin slippers! I tell you, there has never been a girl in this institution of learning dressed in one quarter the style which our "country cousin" showed that evening!

M. I know it; and then, Kate, how nobly she treats us—just as if we had never been mean to her at all!

K. She heaped some pretty hot coals on *my* head.

M. Well, I have learned one lesson that I shall never forget, and that is, not to look down on a girl because she is poor.

K. And I have learned another, and that is, that a rich girl may be just as gentle and sweet as a poor one, and may be just as happy in plain, sensible clothes as if she wore her expensive dresses all the time.

M. That is true. Don't you know how Annie put away her rich gown, and appeared next morning in her plain dress and strong shoes?

K. Yes; and I believe now that she wears them so as not to attract attention, and so as not to cause any feelings of discontentment among less wealthy girls.

VI.—(*Continued.*)

M. The fact is, whether a girl is rich or whether she is poor, it is the girl and her character that we must consider, after all. "Fine feathers do not make fine birds."

K. You are entirely right, Mary; and, though I might not have believed it last week, I now say with Burns:

"Is there for honest poverty
Wha hangs his head and a' that?
The coward slave we pass him by,
And dare be puir for a' that—
For a' that and a' that,
Our toils obscure and a' that;
The rank is but the guinea stamp,
The man's the gowd for a' that."

VII.

CHURCH-RAFFLES.

[*Lizzie, seated with some crotchet-work in her hands—enter Mary.*]

Mary. What are you making, Lizzie?

Lizzie (holding it up). An Afghan. See, it is nearly finished. Think it is pretty?

M. Very, but what an amount of work there is in it!

L. That is so, but I have done it at odd moments, you know. It is for the church-fair.

M. How much will it bring?

L. We are going to sell it by shares. It ought to bring fifty dollars that way.

M. Do you mean that you are going to have a raffle?

L. Well, yes—I suppose it might be called that. How many shares will you take? They are only fifty cents each.

M. I am not sure that I believe in church-raffles. I am sure I do *not*, on the whole.

L. Pshaw! It is all for the "good cause," you know.

M. I know it, but it is a lottery, all the same.

L. Why, no it isn't; you don't pay your money to get the Afghan, you give it to the church; you don't feel badly if you don't draw anything, for you meant to give so much money anyway.

M. Then what is the idea of having any raffle at all? I can give my money just as well without taking a chance for the blanket.

L. Yes, you can, but perhaps you will not.

M. Then the chance of winning is an inducement to give?

L. Exactly.

M. Then would I be giving from a right motive?

L. You give to help the church, and the chance of getting the blanket is only an extra reason.

M. No; I give my money for the sake of winning the Afghan, and the aid I may give the church is a false excuse to my conscience if I win, and a sham source of consolation if I lose.

VII.—(Continued.)

L. I do not believe you would care the least bit whether you got the Afghan or not. It is only a pleasant way of giving.

M. Well, perhaps *I* would not. I can afford to pay for several shares, and, as you say, I should be willing to give so much to the cause. But I know there are a good many who buy shares solely with the hope of gaining the Afghan. There is Mrs. Brown, for instance. She really can't afford to give more than a dollar for this fair, but she has bought ten shares, and she is as nervous as a cat. She says she just knows she won't get the Afghan. It is always her luck.

L. Is that so?

M. Yes, and more than that, I never knew a church raffle which did not leave hard feeling in some one's mind.

L. How so?

M. Oh, either they quarrel with Fate, or they say the raffle isn't fairly conducted, or something like that.

L. I never thought of that before, but I believe you are more than half right.

M. Another thing—raffling is against the law, and I don't think the church ought to set the example of lawlessness.

L. Neither do I.

M. More than that—church-fairs are coming to be considered as swindling concerns, where you pay a great deal for a very little, and this raffling business does not help their reputation.

L. It does seem strange that dishonesty and religion should be associated.

M. Yes—and, Lizzie, let us have this fair an honest and an honorable one.

L. We will. We'll have a *fair* fair. We won't charge more than things are worth, and we won't have any raffle, or grab-bag, or guess-cake, or fish-pond, or any other form of lottery or swindle.

M. How would it do to have a *gift-table*? A place where those who wish to help the church can simply give what they wish, without the pretense of buying something they don't want for ten times what it is worth?

L. A good thought. Let us try it.

VIII

THE SCHOOL-MISTRESS.

LUCY LARCOM.

First Girl.

How are you so cheerful,
Gentle Edith Lane?
Be it bright or cloudy,
Fall of dew or rain,
In that lonely schoolhouse
Patiently you stay
Teaching simple children
All the live-long day.

Second Girl.

"Teaching simple children"?
I am simple, too:
So we learn together
Lessons plain as true,
From this thumb-worn Bible,
Full of love's best lore;
Or, to read another,
Just unlatch the door!

First Girl.

Have you then no sorrow,
Smiling Edith Lane?
Where the barberry's coral
Rattles on the pane,

VIII.—(*Continued.*)

Where in endless yellow
Autumn flowers I see,
Working for a living
Were a woe to me.

Second Girl.

"Working for a living"?
May no worse befall!
Love is always busy;
God works over all.
Life is worth the earning,
For its daily cheer,
Shared with those who love me,
In yon cottage dear.

If you can, fair lady,
Go and be a drone!
Leave me with the children,
Dear as if my own.
Leave me to the humming
Of my little hive,
Glad to earn a living,
Glad to be alive.

2

IX.

GOOD AND NOT STUPID.

Helen. Good-afternoon, Kate.

Kate. Good-afternoon.

H. Do I interrupt you?

K. Not at all; I have finished my lessons. Sit down.

H. Thank you, I will. Kate, I've made an important discovery.

K. Have you? Is it in science?

H. Possibly it may come under that head.

K. In botany?

H. No.

K. Geology?

H. No, not in natural science.

K. What then?

H. Moral philosophy!

K. (Laughing). Pardon me, Kate—but the thought of *your* making a philosophical discovery, you know, is funny.

H. (Good-naturedly). So it is, I admit.

K. Well, are you willing to communicate what you have found out?

H. Oh, yes! I have discovered that it is possible for a person to be *good and at the same time not stupid*.

K. Have you?

IX.—(*Continued.*)

H. Yes, and, if you don't believe it, I am prepared to prove it by examples.

K. I believe it.

H. You do not appear surprised.

K. Not at all. I never doubted it.

H. *Real* good, I mean.

K. (*Smiling*). Yes, really good.

H. And not the *least bit stupid*.

K. Certainly not.

H. Well, I never believed it before: I always thought if a girl was right up and down good—kept all the little rules, actually studied in study-hours, you know, reported every little exception scrupulously, and all that—that she must be *lacking* in something.

K. In what?

H. Oh, I don't know exactly, but I had a notion that she wouldn't be good company; that she would not be wide-awake, that she wouldn't be what the boys call a "good fellow"! Don't you know?

K. Yes, I think I understand you. I used to have much the same notion, but I have learned that I was utterly mistaken.

H. I haven't got so far as that. I have discovered my mistake in one instance only.

K. You will learn it, by the time you reach senior year. You will find that your dashing girls, who use slang, and affect a great deal of style, and neglect their lessons, and think it

IX.—(*Continued.*)

brilliant to be impudent, and equivocate in their reports, never make good and true friends even to each other.

H. Are you sure?

K. Perfectly. They are all the time growing jealous of you; they love you well enough as long as it helps them in some way to be friendly, but they drop you as soon as they need you no longer.

H. But the "good" girls haven't half so much spirit, or so keen a sense of honor as these wilder ones.

K. (*Smiling*). They do not resent a wrong done themselves so fiercely, I admit—and, perhaps, they may not detect dishonorable motives in others so quickly, but they are far less apt to give offense—and they surely act more honorably—even if they have less to say about honor.

H. How so?

K. Well, take Sally Brown, for instance. She is one of your reckless girls. (It is no slander, for she is proud of it.) How does she show her fine sense of honor?

H. Why, when the French teacher came quietly behind her during examination, and caught her looking into a translation behind her desk, don't you remember how her eyes flashed, and how she said afterward how mean and dishonorable it was to come stealing on one in that cat-like way?

K. Yes, but surely, Helen, you do not consider it more honorable for a pupil to smuggle a translation into her desk, and peer slyly into it, with the hope of stealing the prize away from

IX.—(*Continued.*)

earnest students, than for a teacher to guard the fairness of the examination, even by such quiet vigilance as you mention?

H. I hadn't thought of it just in that way, but, now you mention it, it is perfectly evident that the girl was far more dishonorable.

K. Yes, she alone was at fault. And you will be surprised to hear girls who do the most sneaky sorts of things finding most fault with their teachers if they use the least shrewdness in detecting them. A girl will steal in stocking-feet from her room to the pantry at midnight, and, if the teacher come behind her in slippers, she will call her dishonest for not clattering along in boots!

H. (Laughing). That's so. And I have known girls cheat about their lessons, write dates underneath the hems of their aprons, and all that, and then call a teacher unjust for giving them a low mark.

K. Yes, this sort of criticism, coming from girls who are themselves mean and dishonest, is the most utter nonsense. They consider it meaner to *tell* of a mean act than to do it. There is no pleasure in being with them.

H. They are selfish, that is the amount of it.

K. Yes, but the time is fast coming when it will no longer be considered "smart" to cheat, or lie, or steal. The good girls are becoming popular.

X.

BIRDS OF PASSAGE.

[*Let one young lady represent the birds and the other the questioner.*]

First Girl.

BIRDS, joyous birds of the wandering wing,
Whence is it ye come with the flowers of spring?

Second Girl.

We come from the shores of the green old Nile,
From the land where the roses of Sharon smile,
From the palms that wave through the Indian sky,
From the myrrh-trees of glowing Araby,
And each worn wing hath regained its home,
Under peasant's roof-tree or monarch's dome.

First Girl.

And what have ye found in the monarch's dome
Since last ye traversed the blue sea's foam?

Second Girl.

We have found a change, we have found a pall,
And a gloom o'ershadowing the banquet-hall;
And a mark on the floor as if life-drops spilt:
Naught looks the same, save the nest we built.

X. —(*Continued.*)*First Girl.*

Oh! joyous bird, it hath still been so;
Through the halls of kings doth the tempest go!
But the huts of the hamlet lie still and deep,
And the hills o'er their quiet a vigil keep.
Say, what have ye found in the peasant's cot,
Since last ye parted from that sweet spot?

Second Girl.

A change we have found there—and many a change!
Faces, and footsteps, and all things strange!
Gone are the heads of the silvery hair,
And the young that were, have a brow of care;
And the place is hushed where the children played:
Naught looks the same, save the nest we made!

First Girl.

Sad is your tale of the beautiful earth,
Birds that o'ersweep it, in power and mirth!
Yet through the wastes of the trackless air
Ye have a guide, and shall we despair?
Ye over desert and deep have passed,
So may we reach our bright home at last.

XI.

HALF AN HOUR WITH THE POETS.

ELLEN O. PECK.

Lucy. Oh, girls! have you made your selections yet? You know, we are to have them to recite to-morrow afternoon.

Clara. Yes. I have chosen, from Longfellow, the good old poem so familiar to us all, "The Psalm of Life." I always liked it. These two stanzas contain the thought I most love:

"Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time—

"Footprints, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again."

Nettie. I have chosen, from sweet Alice Cary, her "Invalid's Plea," because I love her, and because, too, I have seen the very view she saw when she wrote this poem. It is in Derby, Vermont. The bay-window where she sat to write looked almost sacred to me:

"O Summer! my beautiful, beautiful Summer,
I look in thy face and I long so to live."

Wasn't it sad that she did not live to see another summer?

XI. —(*Continued.*)

Mabel. Yes, Nettie, too sad for me to think of. I have chosen from Phœbe Cary. Not what you would have chosen, I know, "Nearer Home," or "Seeing the Invisibles," but the parody on "Maud Muller," beginning:

"Kate Ketchum, on a winter's night,
Went to a party, dressed in white."

What can be truer than this?—

"Of all hard things to bear and grin,
The hardest is, knowing you're taken in."

Mary. I find nothing like what our dear Whittier gives us, and have chosen "The Eternal Goodness." Aunt Martha loves it so much, and repeats it so often, I can render it much better than one I have never heard another recite. Auntie repeats things in such a lovely way, too. She says this poem is a great comfort to her. When we are any of us borrowing trouble, you should hear her say:

"I know not what the future hath
Of marvel or surprise,
Assured alone that life and death
His mercy underlies."

Or—

"I know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air,
I only know I can not drift
Beyond His love and care."

XI. —(Continued.)

Anna. That's beautiful; mine is from Will Carleton, "Over the Hill to the Poor-house." I can say it just like an old woman. Hear me (*in a cracked voice*):

"Over the hill to the poor-house, I'm trudging my weary way,
I, a woman of seventy, and only a trifle gray;
I, who am smart and chipper, for all the years I've told,
As many another woman that's only half as old."

[*The girls laugh.*]

Dora. I have learned Bryant's "Thanatopsis." It is a favorite with papa, and he wished me to learn it. It is wonderful. The last of it is:

"So live that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan which moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one that wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."

Fannie. I took the "Song of the Suds," in Miss Alcott's "Little Women." You know, Jo sent it to her father. Mother said I was just fit for a good little housewife, and that would do for me; and so—

"Queen of my tub, I merrily sing
While the white foam rises high,
And sturdily wash and rinse and wring,

XI. —(Continued.)

And fasten the clothes to dry;
Then out in the free fresh air they swing
Under the sunny sky."

Grace. I have chosen, from Lowell, a sweet little stanza on
"Longing":

"Ah! let us hope that to our praise
Good God not only reckons
The moments when we tread His ways,
But when the spirit beckons—
That some slight good is also wrought
Beyond self-satisfaction,
When we are simply good in thought,
Howe'er we fail in action."

Helen. My choice is of *doing* rather than *longing*; of *action*
rather than *feeling*. It is from Holland:

"I hold the thing to be grandly true
That a noble deed is a step toward God,
Lifting the soul from the common sod
To a purer air and a broader view."

Lucy. Well, you have all decided, and among the hundreds
left out is Dr. Holmes, and I will go to him for my selection:

"Have you heard of the wonderful one-horse shay,
That was built in such a logical way?
It ran a hundred years to a day,
And then, of a sudden, it— Ah! but stay,
I'll tell you what happened"— [Bell rings.]

When I see you later!

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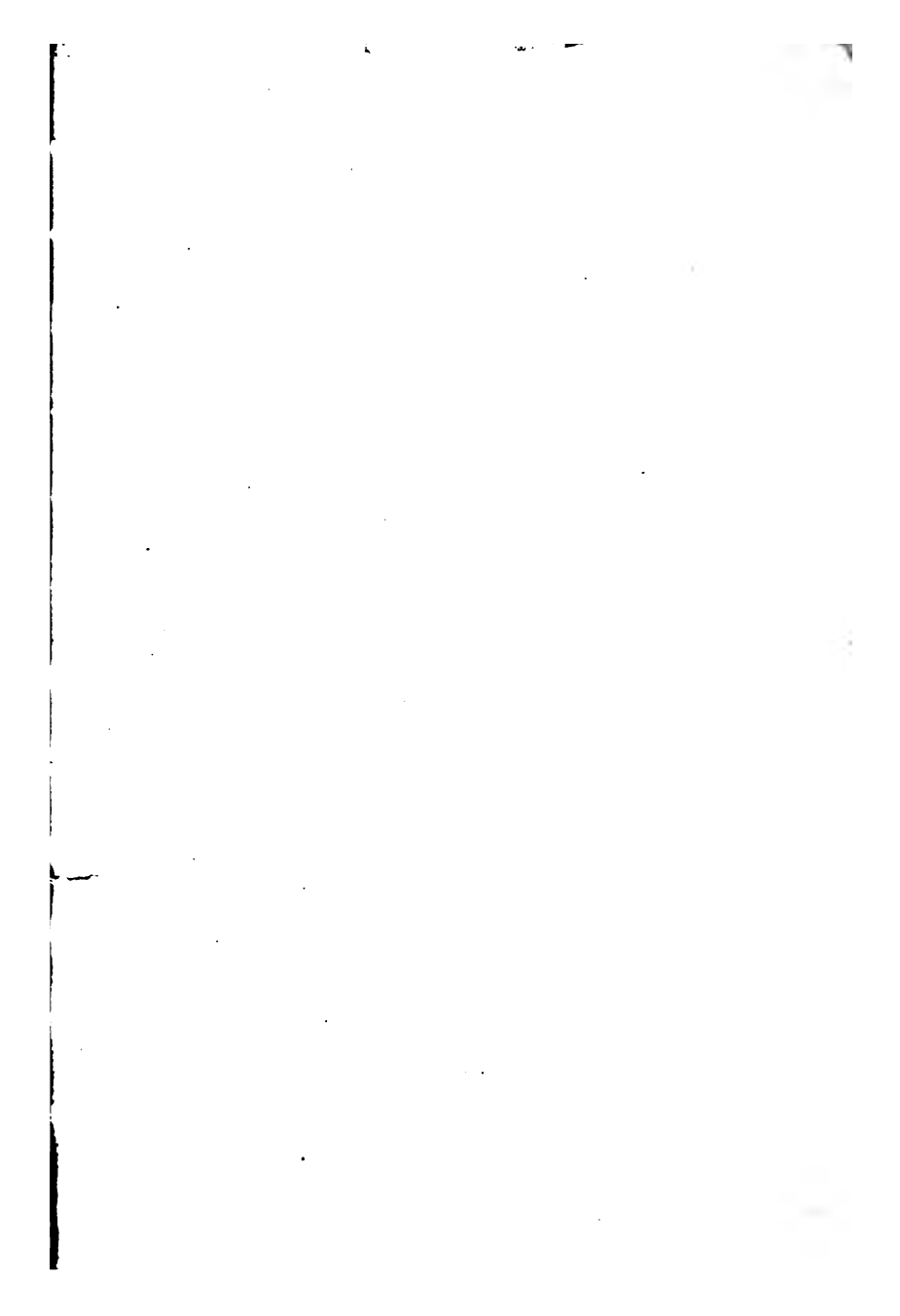
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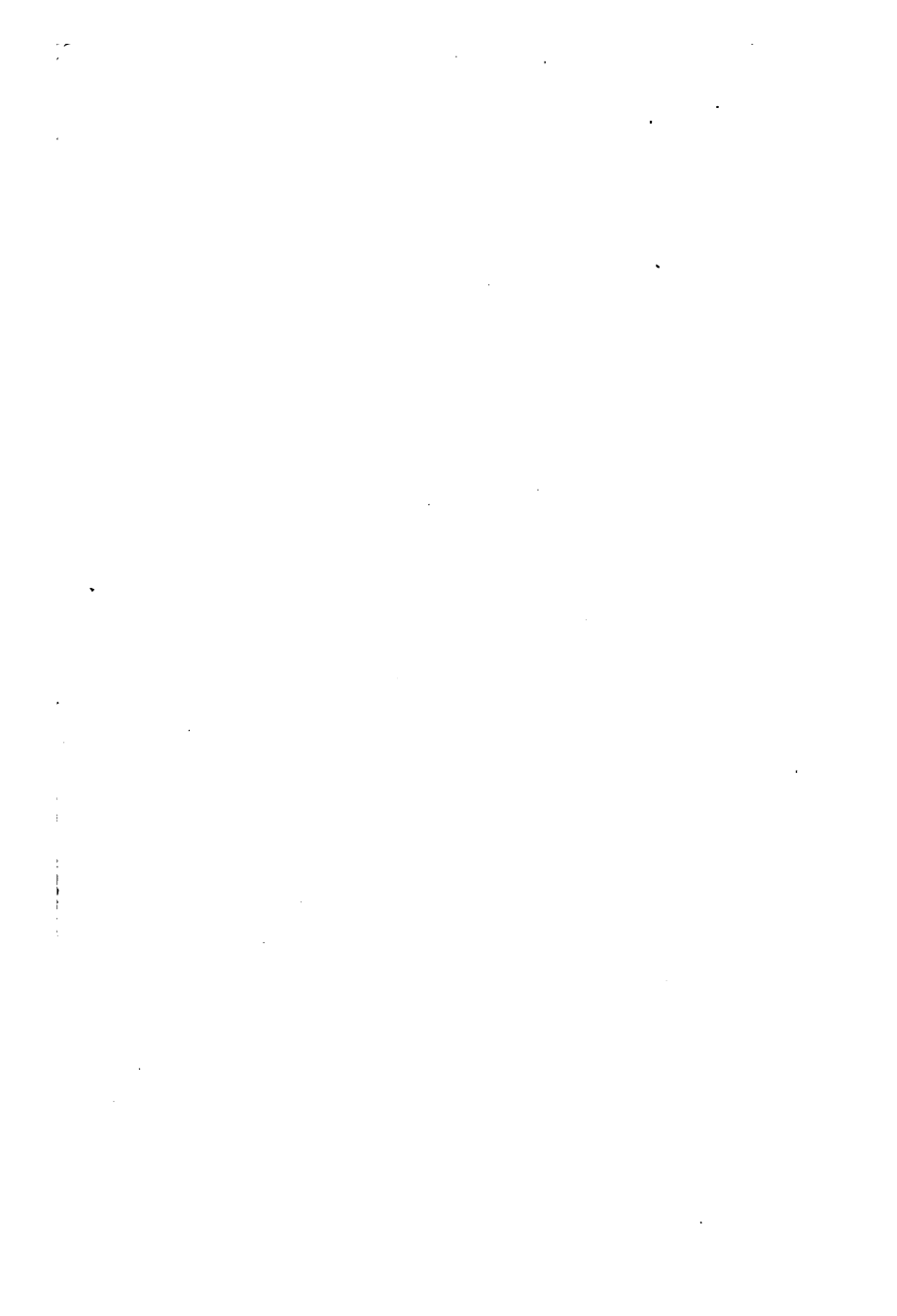
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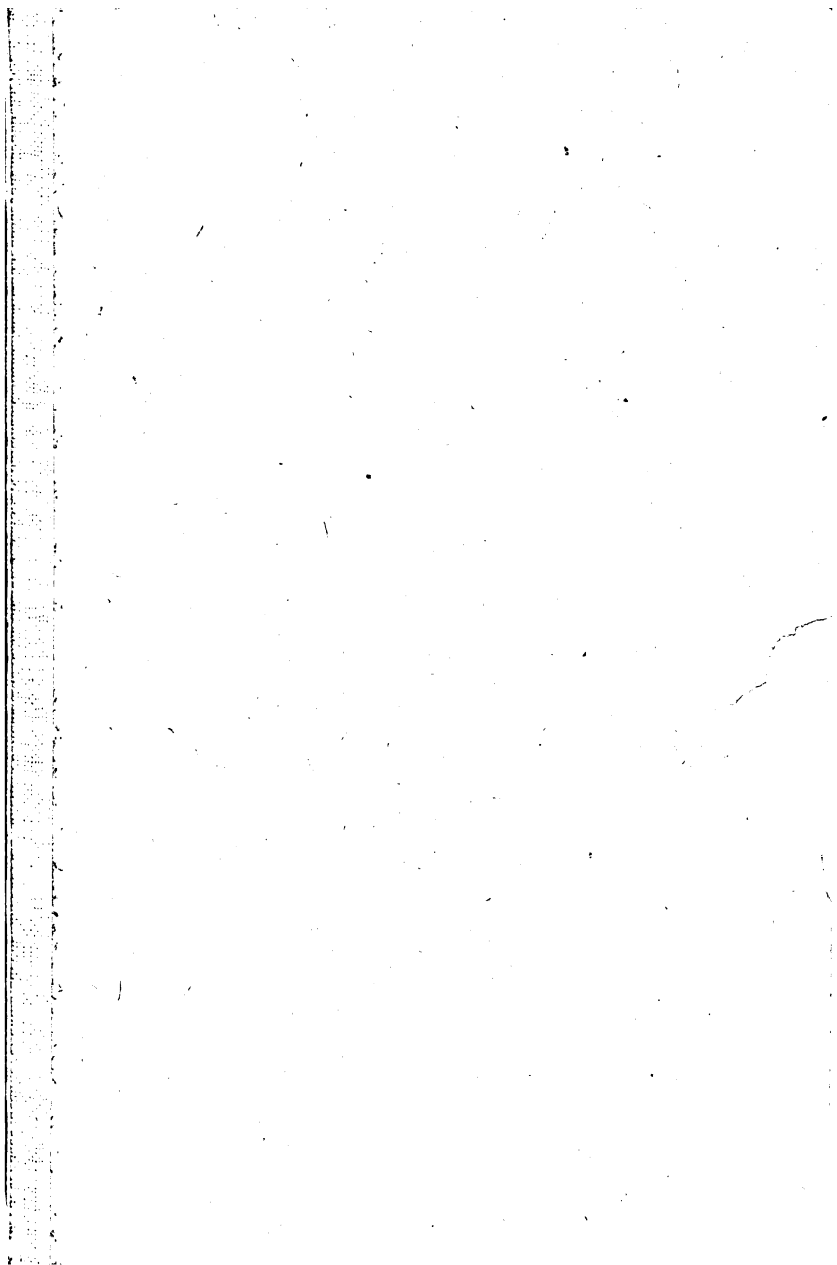
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